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## The Girl Who Lived

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Mr. and Mrs. Dursley had always considered themselves a perfectly normal couple, living in a perfectly normal neighborhood with their perfectly normal son Dudley, who they adored above all else. As they were already living a fairly happy normal life, neither Vernon nor Petunia found themselves particularly overjoyed when they discovered their niece Raven Potter neatly deposited on their doorstep like a morning newspaper.

At first the Dursleys had done what they could in order to make the freakish child feel unwelcome, forcing her to do housework from an early age and punishing her for the "unnaturalness" she had obviously inherited from her good-for-nothing parents. These punishments didn't go on for long however, as the then seven-year-old Raven promised retaliation with a fireball hovering slightly above her palm, and the Dursleys settled for ignoring her as much as possible.

Young Raven Potter, having experienced several things most didn't experience in a lifetime, grew up fast and discarded a majority of the things that made her human by applying the life lessons she'd been taught, by the Dursleys and by the world in general.

One of the first lessons that she learned was the fact that people didn't really care, at least not about people like her; the Dursleys were pretty open about what they thought of her, having labeled her a freak and later on upgraded her to the Devil's Incarnate and all, but it was also pretty obvious that the rest of the world didn't give a damn either, as everyone had turned a blind eye to her even if it was quite obvious that she was being neglected and sometimes even abused by her guardians. Having already concluded that no one cared, at least not enough to intervene, Raven applied what she liked to call counter logic to it; if people didn't care about her wellbeing then she would not care about theirs.

Raven was a hypocrite, in more ways than one, although she rarely admitted it even to herself; in terms of hypocrisy and two-facedness she was way ahead of the rest as she was in possession of an evil alter-ego which she'd created in order to hold all her destructive tendencies at bay, which was more for her own sake really since she really didn't feel like ending up in some sort of correctional institution if she could avoid it; besides, the last thing she wanted was to have a psychologist poking around in her already disordered mind.

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Ten years after that fateful November morning Petunia Dursley's nephew had been found at the doorstep of house number four at Privet Drive in Surrey not much had changed; Raven was still sleeping in the small dark cupboard beneath the stairs, but not at the moment since she had woken up a couple of hours prior, experiencing a foreboding sensation which told her something potentially unfavorable was about to occur.

Her prediction was about as accurate as usual, at least judging from the old-looking letter addressed to her, the same letter which sent her aunt into hysterics and her uncle into yet another fit of rage. The man swore loudly, uttering something about freaks, and then proceeded to burn the letter. He had just about done so when another round of letters, seemingly identical, came in the mail. Raven took them and stared at them for a couple of seconds before handing them over to her rather surprised-looking uncle; her reasons for doing this could be found in the fact that a) if she hadn't then her uncle would've started shouting at her and she really didn't like being subjected to loud noises this early in the morning and b) she really liked watching things burn.

The process was the repeated with the hundred-and-eleven ones which followed before Vernon started thinking about having the family going on a spontaneous trip. Raven did feel that she was seeing small cracks appearing on the man's sanity at that very moment, but was wise enough to shut up.

A snicker resounded in her head.

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Something which had happened before all these letters started arriving were the events that had taken place at Cousin Dudley's birthday (featuring the usual temper tantrums as the fat pig didn't get enough presents). The only thing which differentiated this birthday for any other was the fact that Mrs. Figg, a neighbor who was usually entrusted with her (because obviously she couldn't be left alone in the house now, could she?), had been in an accident (an accident which Raven herself definitely hadn't been responsible for) and couldn't watch her, forcing the Dursleys to bring her along for the trip to the local zoo to which they were bringing Dudley and his friend Pier Polkiss.

Raven didn't mind this much however, the trip to the zoo at least, because even if she wasn't such a big fan of animals she found them preferable to humans anytime. This did not however apply to those poor little creatures, belonging to Mrs. Figg, cats or whatever they were, as they were all too persistent in following her around and because of that several of them had ended up as piles of ash (courtesy of Raven's manifesting pyromania) and used as fertilizer in Petunia's garden.

Anyways, they got to the zoo without any incident, which was far more than what could be said about the visit itself, as Raven somehow got into a very deep conversation with a Brazilian Boa Constrictor and somehow ended up setting it loose, totally unintentionally of course. Besides, it wasn't like anybody could prove that she did it anyway, even if her uncle hiding behind the newspaper the next morning had actually looked up at her with a dangerously red tinge to his face, choking out a furious "Go to your cupboard. Three days. No food", obviously having read the headline screaming about a snake terrorizing zoo visitor and whatnot.

Raven hadn't been very impressed ("I will have to resort to cannibalism if I am not properly fed, Uncle...")

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The spontaneous trip her uncle had been talking about didn't occur, but that was mostly because Raven got sick of the letters and finally decided to open one, which was addressed to "Raven Potter, the cupboard under the stairs, number four Privet Drive, Surrey, England". Already aware of the fact that stalkers existed, Raven

instead asked herself why there wasn't "UK, Europe, Earth" and so on following that, since these people did seem very thorough with what they were doing... and rather old-fashioned since they appeared to be using parchment and quills.

She tilted her head to the side, breaking the seal without much effort and proceeded to pull out the letter and started reading it, raising an eyebrow as her brain processed what was written in it and by the time she was done there was a frown present on her face.

"I guess that explains a lot..." she muttered briefly before the letter spontaneously erupted in flames. "Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry my ass."

Somehow Raven felt rather frustrated at the prospect of having to deal with this troublesome matter.

Okay, fuck this. I'm not going to some stupid wizarding school; I'm going to Stonewall and I'm torching the place. End of story.

Sounds like a plan, her inner voice responded. Still, seeing to the fact that we're currently being stalked by these wizards or whatever, shouldn't we like... research them or something?

Why is there a need to research them? Raven asked. What's wrong with just setting them on fire there and there when they show their ugly faces?

There was a brief silence.

You know, her inner voice finally responded. Considering the fact that I am supposedly the deranged alter ego you supposedly created due to childhood trauma or whatever I do believe that I act far more reasonably than you at the moment...

Yeah sure, whatever, Raven replied while yawning. I still don't get why you don't think I should set them on fire.

Because obviously it would be very foolish of you to attack an enemy you know nothing about, the other responded. So, what do we know about these wizards?

Raven had to think for a while. They apparently have schools?

A separate school system for wizards likely indicates the presence of other institutions such as parliament, government and a court, since there's likely to be some sort of secret wizarding community which likely needs those things to work properly, her inner voice responded. So, a secret excursion to secret wizarding society in order to research potential enemies in order to find out their weaknesses?

Raven considered it for a couple of seconds. Then she sighed. Fine... but how are we supposed to find...

Hint, hint, Petunia, hint.

What?

Hint, hint, Dursleys refer to magic as freaky, they refer to you as a freak, they refer to them as a freak, they say you've inherited your parents' freakiness... freakiness equals magic. Conclusion: your mom was a witch and Petunia knew and hated it. Do I really have to figure out everything for you, you lazy good-for-nothing? We share the same brain and I have all the answers so how come you don't?

Raven sighed. Yeah, yeah... So are we blackmailing Petunia or not?

Of course not; we're merely using some alternative means of persuasion...

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So, after successfully having persuaded (threatened) Petunia, Raven was preparing for her small excursion in the unknown territory commonly referred to as the Leaky Cauldron and beyond that something called Diagon Alley, taking pretty much every detail into consideration in terms of disguises and whatnot, due to the fact that she was one paranoid bastard deep within.

Either way, she took a bus to London and soon enough located the street she'd been told about, having only gotten lost about three times doing so, due to her crappy and nearly nonexistent sense of direction. This mattered very little however as she had now located the Leaky Cauldron, a rundown pub of some sort which seemingly went unnoticed by the other people on the street. Unwilling to waste

anymore time she approached it, entering and finding the inside about as classy as the outside. Not that Raven actually gave a damn about classiness; she merely paid notice to her own surroundings for once.

A toothless man standing by the bar beamed at her.

"Well hello, young lady," he said. "Are you lost?"

Raven, immediately adopting her innocent child persona, looked around for a bit with wide eyes before turning back towards the man. "I don't think so... this is the Leaky Cauldron, yes?"

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Her cover story was a simple one, although not that far from the truth actually; she was a muggle-raised half-blood orphan who'd been sent there to retrieve her school supplies by her squib aunt (although Raven was uncertain as to whether Petunia would really qualify as a squib, she did believe that the word itself was so bloody entertaining, especially in terms of the reactions she got by uttering it, that she really didn't feel like passing up the chance).

At the mention of her, as she learned later on, un-pure heritage, people's attitude did change somewhat and mostly to the negative, but having spent the better part of her childhood with the Dursleys she barely took note of it and focused on the people that seemed more intent on being helpful and pointing her in the right direction, mentioning some bank called Gringotts and some bookstore called Flourish & Blotts or something like that.

Feeling just a tad disoriented herself Raven swiftly consulted the presumably all-knowing voice residing in her head.

So, almighty all-knowing alter ego... where do we go from here?

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Approximately six hours later Raven Potter stumbled out of the wizarding world, utterly culture-shocked, fairly disoriented and more convinced than ever that these wizards ought to be labeled clinically insane, all of them, and that was a lot coming from a person as screwed up mentally as Raven herself.

Another rather disturbing realization had been the fact that apparently, in this small and very screwed up society, she was bloody famous for having offed some Dark Lord (whose name apparently must not be named), earning herself the title the Girl-Who-Lived. At this point one of her eyebrows began twitching.

Seriously, what was with these people and stupid names? Their naming sense was so bad it wasn't even funny anymore. Honestly, who names a school Hogwarts? Honestly, why name the bank Gringotts? Honestly, why refer to non-magical humans as something as ridiculous as muggles? Honestly, why refer to wizardborn unable to do magic as squibs? Honestly, why refer to some megalomaniac as He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named or You-Know-Who?

So many worthless questions to ponder, yet so little reason to do it as Raven had concluded that for the moment she knew enough about these dress-wearing weirdoes to conclude that it was very likely that they lacked common sense and that she really didn't like the idea of joining them, fearing that their rampant stupidity and sheep like behavior would eventually be rubbing off on her.

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Raven didn't really like the idea of going to Hogwarts, but as it seemed her own plans and wishes seemed rather irrelevant in the face of the wizarding world, which appeared before her yet again in the shape of a tall bearded man by the name of Hagrid, Rubeus Hagrid, who was apparently some sort giant, or at least Raven assumed so. A small one, perhaps, but at the moment she didn't really have much to compare with now, did she?

At least she was feeling quite relieved that they were currently had been away from the eyes of her relatives, although she didn't quite favor the location, which was a hamburger restaurant. Hagrid's considerable size was, in itself, enough for people to stare at them, but the fact that he was also wandering around with a pink umbrella at his side didn't exactly help his image. Raven resisted the urge to stare; instead she leaned forward, taking another sip of her cola.

"So..." she said in a calm voice. "What can I do for you, Mr. Hagrid?"

A letter was presented before her and she ripped it open without much care and read through it once again, as she had done a few days previously, but really, she still needed to keep up appearances. Pretending to be ignorant did seem like the way to go, at least at that moment.

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## HOGWARTS SCHOOL OF WITCHCRAFT AND WIZARDRY

Headmaster: Albus Dumbledore  
(Order of Merlin, First Class, Grand Sorv., Chf. Warlock, Supreme Mugwump, International Confed. of Wizards)

Dear Miss Potter,  
We are pleased to inform you that you have a place at Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry.

Please find enclosed a list of all the necessary supplies you will need to complete your first year at Hogwarts.

Term begins on 1 September. We await your owl by no later than July 31st.

Yours sincerely,

Minerva McGonagall,  
Deputy Headmistress

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Raven looked up at him with questioning eyes, carefully hiding the calculating glint in them as she analyzed the person before her a bit further before finally deciding on a few things.

"Who's Dumbledore and why do I have to go to a school for witchcraft?"

One; he seemed a bit thick, but certainly loyal to certain people. Two; he seemed capable of slipping pieces of information by mistakes. A virtually unbeatable combo if one managed to get friendly with them.

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Five minutes later Hagrid had presented her with the answers, which were something regarding a certain Mugwump and something else which she didn't really pay much attention to. Raven slowly started to realize to exactly to what proportion this whole magic problem had grown. Apparently, she was already enlisted in that school and had been so since her birth, courtesy of her late parents.

She sighed heavily.

I have never met them and I hate them already...

There was a silent agreement from her darker side.

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And so, seemingly in the blink of an eye, Raven's plans for the upcoming year had to be altered once again as she was dragged over to the Diagon Alley to get her supplies after a stop by the goblin-run bank Gringotts. This little visit however resulted in two very good things.

The first good thing was that she uncovered the fact that her late parents seemed to have left her a small fortune. In wizard money, of course, but that didn't faze her much. If they were converted into pounds then she was certain that she would be able to buy herself a castle if she wished to do so. Too bad the money at her current disposal was merely a trust fund of some sort and according to the laws of this magic community she wouldn't be able to access the rest of the vaults before she came of age, at seventeen she believed. At least she liked her late parents a bit more now; money could change Raven's opinion about almost anything.

The second good thing was that the cart drive down to the vaults had caused Hagrid to have an urgent need of alcohol, so with a little bit of reassuring Raven succeeded in shopping for her school supplies alone. Still, she had not yet forgotten the small dirty package the bearded giant of a man had brought with him out of vault 713. The package, whatever it contained, was clearly none of her business so she didn't ask about it, but in some weird way it almost called out to her. After all, it had been locked inside a

supposed high security vault inside of the bank, so it was bound to be either extremely valuable or extremely dangerous.

Either way, Raven disregarded the mysterious package in favor of the situation she currently had at her hand. Pulling out the list of necessary supplies she ogled through it once again before heaving a heavy sigh. At least Hagrid was finally out of the way, at least temporarily.

Standing there, all on her own in Diagon Alley, a weird sense of freedom overcame her, but it dissolved into thin air almost completely as soon as she laid eyes on the list of supplies she needed to get. As soon as she spotted the sign to Ollivander's she walked briskly towards it, determined to make the best of the situation, or to play along at the moment.

"Which one is your wand arm?"

Raven looked up at the creepy looking old man who was in charge of the place.

"I'm ambidextrous actually."

A wand was presented before her.

"Try this one."

Half an hour later Raven exited Ollivander's store with a not too happy expression plastered over her face. Her brief encounter with that Ollivander guy had added several questions to her list of things she needed to find out.

Now... What do I do with this stick?

Let's break it.

What?

You heard the Beard, didn't you? He said something about getting expelled and having his wand snapped. Do you know what that means?

That if I snap this I will expel myself? Do you really think it's that easy?

But we don't need to wave around a stick. We can make things happen without it.

I know, but do we want them to know that?

...No.

Then let's get on with this freaking list.

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After that the days seemingly flew by as Raven took a pause from her scheming and read all the books she had bought, due to excessive boredom of course, during her stay at the Leaky Cauldron, as she had not see it fit to return to Private Drive as of yet. If ever. Hagrid didn't know of course and it was just as well, since his employer, that Dumbledore guy, wouldn't have allowed it as far as she knew. Or maybe he did know about it. On second thought, that was very likely, but if anyone asked questions she had a great excuse, namely that she couldn't possibly bother her Aunt and Uncle about driving her all the way to London on September 1st. A sweet lie of course, as she could easily manipulate/threaten them to comply if needed, and such means of persuasion wouldn't probably even have been needed, as the Dursleys would be more than delighted at the thought of getting the sociopathic pyromaniac out of the house for at least a year... or seven if the Supreme Mugwump got his way. Raven herself couldn't remember meeting the guy, but she had a tingly feeling that he was far more than Hagrid put him out to be. That Dumbledore guy sounded at least as dangerous to her personal cause as that You-know-who guy who was apparently out for her blood. Correction, had been, as he was little more than a spirit at the moment.

The existence of You-know-who didn't faze her much, as she was far too preoccupied with the ridiculousness of the name to care. The whole idea of this whole You-know-who business was ridiculous in itself and Raven had been forced to waste at least half an hour of her precious time in order to persuade Hagrid to give her the real name of her supposed enemy.

Lord Voldemort.

That was what he referred to himself as, meaning he had to be one ego stroking megalomaniac, nonetheless that was to be expected. Exactly why this megalomaniac had been after her life and slaughtered her parents in order to get to her was still unknown and Raven had a despicable feeling that the Dumbledore guy might have the answer.

The Dark Lord.

That was what his followers, the Death Eaters, called him. It was a nice title, but Raven found herself wondering about the man behind it. After all, why would a group of people blindly follow a megalomaniac everywhere if not for the fact that he could accomplish something for them, give them something which no one else could supply them with. Raven was curious and enticed rather than scared or disgusted as she probably should've been; this man was her parents' killer after all and wanted her out of the way. Permanently.

You-know-who.

It was just a name, so what was it to fear? Not much, not to Raven at least. Even if it was due to a stroke of luck she had apparently beaten this dark lord, kicked his ass and flung his killing curse right back at him when she was a mere toddler. Now that was some irony. Nonetheless, it made her very aware of her newfound status among freaks, the one as the Girl-who-lived, and she assumed that people would not be very prone to ignore that once they figured it out.

Raven heaved a sigh, looking out of the window.

This is going to be seven long years... I'm going to be so freaking bored...

Suggestion: Let's go there and torch the place.

Maybe later. Like when I graduate. Now that would be epic.

A soft hooting was heard from the cage at the other end of the room and a snow-white owl stared at her with a pair of round golden eyes.

Hedwig. It was Hagrid's present for her eleventh birthday. Apparently wizards had owls delivering their mail.

Since Raven had nothing better to do she issued a staring contest between her and the owl. After about an hour or so she gave up, breaking the connection as the owl hooted with triumph.

Raven glanced down at the ticket she had received, the ticket to the Hogwarts Express. Why did she suddenly feel such an urge to rip it to shreds?

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Since it was almost a month before she actually needed to do anything Raven made a swift decision, got permission to stay in the magical world from the Dursleys, who were obviously delighted at having her out of sight, and stayed in her room and studied for the most part, but she was quick to realize that something was missing in her books. Yes... the practical knowledge about the performance of the so called Dark Arts. Really, DADA, Defense Against the Dark Arts, seemed interesting, but it still felt... incomplete to her. She wanted more; she wanted to learn spells that reflected the darkness residing in her soul... or something like that. Not that she could wander freely around at the moment either, since she could feel eyes following her whenever she went outside of her room. This could be helped however, as she was swift to attain a cloak, lose her watchers and soon she strolled freely in Knockturn Alley of all places. Why? Simply because it was a place where no one particularly minded aliases or the purchase of illegal items as long as one had the money to pay for it and Raven did have the money to purchase quite a collection of books of dark arts, both curses and counter curses and all that stuff.

It was in one of the books she had acquired from there that she found lots of information which might actually prove useful, such as the info about blood wards and seals. Raven also came to terms with why her own "magic" hadn't been discovered; it appeared that her fire was either some kind of weird untraceable magic or completely natural fire appearing at her command, which was rather convenient.

Knockturn Alley was also a great place to become acquainted with the right people, namely the ones on the wrong side of the law or

bordering to it. In the alley she made herself known as Darcie le Fay, an orphan half-blood with little in common with the Light and the laws of the Ministry. She appeared neutral, but despised muggles. Raven however did not intend to fling her title as the Girl-Who-Lived into the faces of those she met in there, as she probably would've ended up assassinated in a back alley if she did.

Returning to her room after another day's adventure, Raven put her load of books onto the floor before pulling out her newly acquired notebook and started planning her upcoming seven years or so.

Acquire the knowledge necessary to survive and kick some ass. Check.

Play the part of a fairly innocent and naïve eleven-year-old. Check.

Make friends with the right people...

She paused briefly.

Why do we even need friends?

We need someone who can cover our tracks and then we need some enemies to put the blame on.

Enemies?

I'll try to make friends with the influential and enemies of the ones without influence.

I see.

Raven paused, sipping her tea as she looked out of the window down at the street below. Then she took a deep breath before blowing out the candle in front of her, leaving the room in absolute darkness.

It was a sunny day when Darcie le Fay, or Raven Potter as she was otherwise known as, took a cab to Kings Cross. Upon arriving she started dragging her trunk towards platform nine three-quarters; she didn't really need to drag it, since she had been smart enough to buy one with a ridiculous amount of space and an inbuilt feather light charm, so the dragging was merely a mean to avoid suspicion.

Raven would have to abandon this farce eventually, but at the moment it seemed rather befitting. The trunk was also quite useful, since she put Hedwig inside it; dragging around a snow-white owl in a cage in the middle of Kings Cross would get her unwanted attention, so she hid it, just like she hid the scar on her forehead by applying a layer of makeup to it.

Once she arrived at her destination Raven spotted a family of redheads and she instantly knew that they had to be of the magical kind. The fact that they one by one or in pairs were disappearing into a pillar pretty much spoiled it. Nevertheless Raven pushed her glasses further up and watched them with keen interest and as all of them disappeared she made her way towards the portal or secret passageway which she knew had to be there somewhere. Raven passed through it without much effort and there she was, at platform nine and three-quarters.

This is... different.

It was packed with people, weird people, and Raven had a hard time suppressing a smile of glee at the thought of how Uncle Vernon would react in this environment. Then her face adapted a mask of indifference as she started pulling her trunk towards the train, hoping that she would be able to commandeer an empty compartment for her own private use, but judging from the crowd it wasn't very likely. Nevertheless, she still had to try.

After a bit of searching she finally found one, sighing of relief before seating herself and pulling out a book she had been reading. The black cover was fairly innocent, as the title of the book was not printed at it.

The Ancient Art of Shadow Magic. It was unheard of and therefore not forbidden, and Raven would prefer if it stayed that way. After all, it was a magic befitting of her character.

Shadow magic. It sounded a bit clichéd of course, but not as clichéd as light white magic and dark black magic did.

Then she put the book away and opened her trunk, pulling out Hedwig's cage and putting it onto the seat next to her. The snow-white owl glared at her for a few moments, sourly as it appeared, so Raven opened the cage, letting her out of it.

"Should I open a window or will you stay out of my hair?" Raven asked the owl, which scowled at her. Then Raven's facial expression softened slightly and she gave it a light pat on the head, earning a soft hoot. "I have a book to read, more plans to make and I'll treat you later."

But what do we treat her with?

Meat, a rat, a toad... whatever comes our way...

Raven returned to her book, but she was soon interrupted as the door to the compartment slid open and a head peeked inside. She continued reading, ignoring the newcomer.

"Can I sit here?" a red-haired boy with freckles asked. "Most other compartments are full."

"Suit yourself..." Raven said in a bored tone.

The boy seated himself at the seat opposite of her, giving her a couple of curious looks. Raven knew that the question was coming and she braced herself for the impact.

"Are you Raven Potter?"

Raven still didn't raise her eyes from the book.

"So what if I am?" she asked with her voice calm but still very cold as she could practically feel the stare at her forehead and she noticed the frown on the redhead's face once he didn't find the scar. Raven smiled inwardly.

"I'm Ron Weasley."

She looked up briefly, locking eyes with him for a second before returning to the book.

"I don't see the scar, but you're the only other one on this train who fits the description..." he said. "Are you Raven Potter?"

"Maybe I am, maybe I'm not."

"Where's your scar?"

Raven, getting annoyed at the redhead pestering her with questions, looked up, her emerald eyes narrowed to slits. "Do I look like some sort of item on display, Weasley?" she asked, her voice cool as a glacier.

"Um... No?"

"Then kindly stop staring at me or I'll barbeque you."

Ron looked at her, eyes wide with surprise. "Is that a joke?"

Raven retained her quite unfriendly facial expression as she continued glaring at him. "Are you sure you want to stay and find out?"

And with that young Ronald swiftly excused himself, saying something about needing to talk to his brothers. After the door slid shut Raven's face turned expressionless again and she continued reading, flipping the page and starting on a new chapter.

Can I really barbeque him?

Not now, only if he comes back and gets on my nerves again.

Can I torch his stuff while we're waiting?

Raven eyed the coffer out, seriously considering it, but then she shrugged it off, mostly since it would be troublesome to explain once they arrived. Then she once again turned her concentration towards the book and flipped another page.

It was not long before yet another visitor disturbed her.

"Hi, I'm Hermione Granger..."

Raven gave the bushy haired girl a brief glance of acknowledgement before looking down again.

At least this one still has the manners to introduce herself first before getting on my nerves...

"...Neville has lost his toad. Have you seen it?"

...A toad?

Raven immediately lost interest and continued reading.

"I haven't."

"What's your name?" Hermione asked.

"Darcie le Fay", Raven replied, her eyes not leaving the book.

Hermione seated herself for a moment and Raven found herself silently wishing that it wouldn't be for long.

"Well, Darcie..." she said after a while. "Do you like books?"

Raven looked up, finally deciding that this bushy haired person might actually be worth her attention after all.

"I do. A lot actually. I just hope that Hogwarts Library has the standards that I'm looking for."

Hermione's eyes lit up at this.

"I've read in Hogwarts, A history that..."

Oh God... Not one of those...

"...Darcie...Are you also a muggleborn? I was very surprised when the letter came..."

Raven had to apply all her self-control not to roll her eyes while her brain processed the information and drew conclusions using it.

Muggleborn person = not likely to have any useful connections. Might be intelligent. If not, put on the ignore list.

"Actually..." Raven, playing the role as Darcie, said after a while. "I'm a half-blood, but I'm an orphan and was raised by my aunt's family and they're definitely muggles."

Hermione paused for a bit, giving Raven a bit of pleasant silence before the bushy haired girl started speaking again.

"I'm sorry about your loss..."

Raven flipped another page.

"It was a long time ago..." she said, her voice betraying no emotion. "I never really knew them anyway."

"But still..." Hermione paused briefly, before deciding to change the subject. "Oh well... Have you heard that Raven Potter has been spotted on the train?"

Raven hoped her facial mask wouldn't crack while Granger was still around. Instead she tried to look surprised and disbelieving before returning to her book.

"No, I haven't."

"...But really, I might have Raven Potter in my House... I've read so much about her... I wonder what she's like in real life..."

She's right in front of you and nothing like you expect.

"...What House do you think you'll be in, Darcie? I think I'm going to be Ravenclaw... either that or Gryffindor..."

Raven looked up from her book briefly. Then she looked down again.

"Ravenclaw... or Slytherin."

Definitely Slytherin. Especially after that speech "Gryffindor good, Slytherin bad" that Hagrid gave me back in the alley...

"...I wonder what House Raven Potter will be in... I'll ask if see her when I continue to look for Neville's toad... I hope we get into the same House, Darcie."

...And I'll pray for the exact opposite, since spending the upcoming seven years in your company would be a very stupid way to risk my already fragile sanity...

After waving goodbye as Hermione took her leave Raven marked the page where she had stopped reading, slammed the book shut and took the opportunity to change into her robes while no one else interrupted her. Hedwig gave her a meaningful glare before turning her head away.

Witches and wizards really do run around in dresses. If and in such case when I get to power I'm going to change that, even if it's going to be the end of me.

Get a life. Don't you have anything better to dedicate yourself to?

Like what? Didn't I already trip the Dark Lord when I was like one year old? Haven't I accomplished enough?

True. But still...

Okay... So you want a better goal for us to aspire to... How about... Going dark and burn everything to the ground?

Nope. Too easy. We could accomplish that in a day.

In a single day?

Yes. If we put some real effort into it.

I don't believe it.

And I don't care, you snotty little brat.

Raven looked up in surprise.

Snotty little brat? May I remind you that technically I'm older than you?

So what? I'm still smarter than you.

Raven's eyebrow twitched with annoyance.

"Smarter than me?" she sneered. "You're the one who's just a voice in my head."

And you're the one hearing voices so I guess that makes us even.

Raven was about to give another sneer comment to the voice when she suddenly sensed something, which caused her to sit back down and pull out her book as she started reading, once again with a bored expression on her face. As soon as her farce had been established the door slid open, revealing a pale blond-haired boy followed by two sturdy boys. Raven gave them a discreet, albeit very critical look.

One spoiled brat plus two muscles-but-no-brains...

Raven disguised a stifled laugh as a cough, but it was certainly enough for the pale blond to decide to acknowledge her presence.

"Are you the one they've been spreading rumors about, Raven Potter?" he asked, the mockery in his voice apparent, but Raven paid him no heed.

"I never once named myself that, but it appears that Weasel needs to check his hearing..." Raven said in a calm unaffected manner while she continued reading without giving him the slightest glance. "I merely named myself as Darcie le Fay. Now do you want anything or can I just blast you out of here?"

The pale boy raised an eyebrow.

"Blast me out of here?" he sneered. "There's no way. Who do you think you are, speaking to me, Draco Malfoy, you puny mudblood?"

Raven looked up, still unaffected.

"Half-blood actually", she said in an as-matter-of-fact voice. "Now choose between being barbequed, flung out of the window or exposed to some of the nastiest curses in this book."

Malfoy's eyes narrowed.

"Do you have any idea about who I am?"

Raven continued looking at him, thoughtfully, before she made a very innocent guess.

"A racist spoiled brat and his two cronies without a brain of their own?"

Now, Raven already knew that she was right about to get beat up by these cronies, but really, she had no plan to let them go through with it. As soon as Vincent Crabbe and Gregory Goyle, as she later learned they were called, took even a step in her direction she raised her hand towards them, immediately dropping her façade and showing her real face, still lacking of expression, but with narrowed green eyes gleaming viciously at them.

"I will only give you one warning..." she hissed, turning her palm upwards and summoning fire into it. "Don't play with fire!"

To say that Malfoy looked impressed was only half-truth, since he looked very scared at the same time. His cronies were about the same as they too backed a few steps. And just at this very inappropriate moment Mr. Weasel and Miss Know-It-All just had to enter the compartment just as Raven was about to unleash her Hellfire into it. Seeing the additional audience arrive she swiftly cooled off, extinguishing the fire in her palm as her face once again became indifferent.

"You're a veela!" Ron exclaimed, his eyes big as sausages.

And what the Hell is that?

It's a...

"It's a magical race. Beautiful pale haired women, who lure men into weakness, have a terrible temperament, have the ability to transform into winged beasts when provoked and they can control fire..." Hermione swiftly answered.

"Oh..." Raven said, feigning ignorance. "But I have black hair, have I not?"

This had desired effect, as it actually did cause her to shut up for a moment.

"Well..." she said after a few seconds.

"You could still be related to..." Ron muttered.

"So what, Weasel?" Draco snapped, to Raven's honest surprise.

Ron's eyes narrowed as he laid eyes on the blood pureblooded aristocrat.

"It's Weasley", he hissed.

"Then, Weasley, I'll give you a clue..." Raven said flatly, bringing everybody's attention back to herself. "Even if I happen to be a veela or related to a veela I am pretty sure that has absolutely nothing at all to do with either you or Granger. Mind your own business. Piss off."

She waved dismissingly with her hand.

"Definitely a veela..." Ron muttered as he and Granger exited the compartment.

"I heard that", Raven shouted after them.

As soon as they were out of sight Malfoy broke out in laughter.

"Honestly, you should've seen the look on Weasel's face..." he snickered and offered his hand to her. "Priceless! Veela or not, you're not what I expected, Darcie le Fay aka Raven Potter."

Raven stared at the hand for a few moments. Then she took it.

"Unfortunately I cannot say the same about you, Mr. Malfoy", she said in a bored tone. "Call me Darcie or Raven. I don't care which."

He actually gave her a genuine smile at this.

"Call me Draco."

There was a brief silence. Then Raven spoke up.

"So... have I joined the dark side yet?"

- o0o -

Review? ^^

## Sorting Things Out

- o0o -

The rest of the trip was fairly uneventful, for Raven at least, since she spent it with Malfoy and his goons, who were about as silent as Hedwig while she and Draco spoke about various things, shared plans and so on. Raven didn't really trust Malfoy, but he seemed fairly useful, having a father with money and influence... who had also been a former supporter to the Dark Lord and likely a part of his inner circle. Not to mention the fact that Draco himself seemed fairly easy to influence, as long as one made sure to make it seem like it was Draco himself who was holding the strings, but even if Raven desired a certain amount of influence she preferred having allies who actually thought for themselves instead of just following the lead. Independence was allowed, as long as they didn't try to beat her into submission, like her dear Uncle Vernon and Cousin Dudley had done before she discovered her abilities.

As they had finally reached their stop they got off the train and were met with a giant person who Raven silently wished she hadn't met again.

"First years, first years!"

Hagrid.

"Remember... Two in each boat, only two in each boat..."

And, as the icing on the cake, it appeared that all first years had to travel in small boats over a freaking lake...

I hate water, I hate water, I hate water, I hate water...

To Raven's surprise and utter shock Draco discreetly took her hand and squeezed it reassuringly. She withdrew it from his grip almost immediately, staring at him. He smirked cockily at her.

"Shall we?"

Raven gave him a very unfriendly glare, but tagged along anyway.

Raven and Malfoy sitting in a boat, will soon be in a tree, k-i-s-s-i-n-g...

Shut up or I'll make sure we both drown.

- o0o -

"Oh, you may not think I'm pretty,

But don't judge on what you see.

I'll eat myself if you can find

A smarter hat than me

You can keep your bowlers black,

Your top hats sleek and tall

For I'm the Hogwarts Sorting Hat

And I can top them all

There's nothing hidden in your head

The Sorting Hat can't see,

So try me on and I will tell you

Where you ought to be

You might belong in Gryffindor,

Where dwell the brave at heart

Their daring, nerve, and chivalry

Set Gryffindors apart;

You might belong in Hufflepuff,

Where they are just and loyal,

Those patient Hufflepuffs are true  
And unafraid of toil;  
Or yet in wise old Ravenclaw,  
If you've a ready mind,  
Where those of wit and learning,  
Will always find their kind;  
Or perhaps in Slytherin  
You'll make your real friends,  
Those cunning folk use any means  
To achieve their ends  
So put me on! Don't be afraid!  
And don't get in a flap!  
You're in safe hands (though I have none)  
For I'm a Thinking Cap!"

- o0o -

Raven stared at the hat on the stool as it fell silent again before giving the rest of the school in the Great Hall a glance before once again staring at the hat. Talking hats... those wizards really were insane...

Professor McGonagall, the Deputy Headmistress, brought out a parchment and read out loud.

"Hannah Abbot!"

Hannah Abbot sat down on the stool and put the hat onto her head and the hat called out "Hufflepuff!"

Raven's eyebrow twitched. So this is the Sorting...

What the Hell did you expect? Dragons?

"Susan Bones!"

"Hufflepuff!"

Raven tried to resist yawning; this was clearly taking too long.

"Hermione Granger!"

The bushy haired girl went to get sorted.

"Gryffindor!"

Now... Let's hope we won't get in the same House as either her or Weasel, shall we?

"Neville Longbottom!"

"Gryffindor!"

...And that guy ran off with the hat...

"Draco Malfoy!"

"Slytherin!"

Then finally...

"Raven Potter!"

The Great Hall broke out into whispers as Raven, without the least of concern, strolled up to the hat and placed it onto her head. Soon another voice was heard inside her head.

"Let's see here, let's see here... What do we have in here...?"

And to make it even better, the singing hat from before was now shifting through her memories while muttering, mostly to itself. God, was there no bloody privacy in this place?

"You needn't worry yourself for what I may encounter inside that pretty little head of yours," the hat spoke, like it could read her mind, which it did by the way. "My job is to Sort, not to pry... Let me see here now..." the hat paused briefly "Plenty of courage, believe it or not. Oh, don't believe me? Tch, such a skeptic. But foolhardy, I think not. Such emotional control in such years is quite rare you know? But beware; too much control and self-restraint and you may end up losing sight of yourself..."

And what the Hell is that supposed to mean?

"Well... there'd be no fun in spoiling it all for you on the first day; some things you just need to figure out on your own..." the hat continued. "Nevertheless, this much is for sure; you are definitely not Gryffindor material... No matter what kind of expectations our world may have bestowed upon you..."

Well, somebody's got to betray their expectations... It wasn't like I asked to be put high up on some pedestal under a ridiculous name like The Girl-Who-Lived, was it?

"I feel greatly inclined to agree with you on both accounts; magical folks can be surprisingly thickheaded sometimes..."

As much as I do agree to this sentiment, I would very much appreciate if you would be so kind as to continue with this Sorting; I don't want to sit here all day...

"Fine then," the hat snorted. "You are in possession of both loyalty and intelligence, but you certainly do not appear hardworking or friendly enough to be a Hufflepuff, or book-smart enough to classify as a proper Ravenclaw. While not particularly ambitious at the moment you can certainly be cunning enough when you want to be and therefore I'd wager Slytherin fits the bill quite well... Any objections?"

Not really.

"Then good riddance to you. SLYTHERIN!"

- o0o -

The last part was shouted out into the Hall, resulting in a great silence. Raven had a hard time hiding her smirk as she shrugged the hat off and placed it back onto the stool before making her way towards the Slytherin table at a steady pace. The Great Hall was completely silent and hundreds of shocked pairs of eyes were directed at her. Draco stood up at the Slytherin table and started clapping his hands, soon to be joined in by several other Slytherins and the noise got louder and louder as the Ravenclaw table also joined in. The Great Hall went very quiet once Raven sat down next to Malfoy, who looked clearly amused.

"Ron Weasley!"

"Gryffindor!"

"Blaise Zabini!"

"Slytherin!"

And so the Sorting ended and Blaise Zabini sat down at the Slytherin table next to Raven while the Headmaster stood up and said a few words of wisdom...

Four words of utter stupidity.

"Nitwit! Blubber! Oddment! Tweak!" before adding a swift "Thank you!" to it and bowing for the applause while further convincing Raven that he really was out of his mind.

Dumbledore having every student singing what appeared to be the school anthem gave Raven an urgent need to bang her head against the wall or the table in front of her. Once they had finally finished it Raven was more than ever convinced about the fact that she was making a grave mistake by joining this society.

- o0o -

"Hogwarts, Hogwarts, Hoggy Warty Hogwarts,

Teach us something please,

Whether we be old and bald

Or young with scabby knees,  
Our heads could do with filling  
With some interesting stuff,  
For now they're bare and full of air,  
Dead flies and bits of fluff,  
So teach us things worth knowing,  
Bring back what we've forgot,  
Just do your best, we'll do the rest,  
And learn until our brains all rot."

- o0o -

"There she is."

"Where?"

"Over there."

"Did you see the scar?"

"Is she going dark?"

"Slimy snakes..."

It was already early in the morning, way before noon, and Raven still had to apply all her self-control not to cause any random fires to erupt, setting their hair on fire or something along those lines. Those persistent whispers annoyed her to no end and were giving her a headache, along with the fact that the castle was the ideal place to get lost in, so Raven, due to the fact that her sense of direction was virtually inexistent, was already lost and annoyed enough to hurt somebody.

The only faintly amusing part of it all was the various reactions she had gotten so far from the members of different houses. The

Gryffindors loathed her, she was able to tell as much; according to them she was a Dark Witch in the making and quite frankly Raven would at the moment not want to disappoint them since the majority of them seemed to consist of a certain number of prejudiced gits. The majority of Ravenclaw and Slytherin regarded her with a sense of cold dissatisfaction, since she was nothing like they had expected. Some Slytherin, Death Eater spawns, loathed her even if a few of them seemed very eager to make her acquaintance, just like Draco Malfoy. The funniest reaction belonged to the Hufflepuffs, or at least the first and second years, since they ran as fast as they could in the opposite direction whenever they encountered her, amusing Raven and her fellow Slytherins to no end.

Raven even considered hissing at them, merely for the effect of it, but she refrained from wreaking havoc, seeing that she hadn't even made it into class yet. Double Potions with the Gryffindors... she could already see where this was going. The teacher in that particular subject, Severus Snape, was the Head of the Slytherin House and well-known for favoring those of his own, but Raven, who had locked eyes with him, wasn't late to notice the fact that Snape loathed her almost as much as he loathed Gryffindor even if he had only laid eyes on her once and she hadn't actually done anything... yet.

Now that could actually be investigated, and seeing that the Beard... Hagrid... lived on the premises then Raven might even have a way to find out.

Almost a week had passed since Raven arrived at Hogwarts and she could say, with complete honesty, that so far the curriculum of the school was about as interesting as watching paint dry.

Wandering down into the dungeons and entering the classroom Raven gave the rather interesting items around the walls a brief glance before sitting down at the back of the classroom, joined at the same table by a girl named Daphne Greengrass.

Snape made his dramatic entrance, pulled out the list and started checking the attendance. When he arrived at Raven's name he looked up at her, giving her a look very similar to the one Uncle Vernon usually gave her across the table every morning at Privet Drive.

"Raven Potter..." he said in a low voice. "Our new... celebrity."

Raven stared straight at him with an indifferent look on her face as Snape made a more or less longwinded explanation on his subject, before he suddenly got to the part Raven supposed he had been waiting for all along, namely the chance to grill new students he didn't like with questions of some sort.

"Potter! What happens if I add powdered root of asphodel to an infusion of wormwood?"

"You would get the Draught of Living Death... sir," Raven replied, keeping her voice level and her face indifferent while silently thanking her inner voice for having provided her with an answer.

Snape affirmed it before moving on with the next question, also directed at Raven. "Potter, where do I find a bezoar?"

"Inside the stomach of a goat... sir."

Snape raised an eyebrow. "Indeed. Then what, Potter, is a bezoar?"

Raven tilted her head to the side, contemplating the question for a brief moment. "A stone capable of counteracting most poisons... sir."

Snape continued glaring at her. "Correct," he said before continuing with his next question. "What is the difference between monkshood and wolfsbane?"

Raven tilted her head to the other side. "They're the same plant and it is also called aconite... sir."

Snape gave her an odd look before turning away and writing instructions on the board. As they had started on their potion Raven quietly asked Daphne which color the potion was supposed to be, earning herself a very odd look. Still, Snape had no complaints about their potion as he swept past them on his way to remark the poor quality of some Gryffindor's potion. It was soon after that when the Gryffindor named Neville Longbottom blew up his cauldron, getting himself drenched with the failed potion, but Raven didn't look all surprised since she had heard her inner voice laughing about it more than five minutes before it actually happened. Points were

taken from Gryffindor and Longbottom was taken to the Hospital Wing by another Gryffindor named Finnegan or something like that. Luckily enough this brought Potions class to an end and Raven had just got her stuff and was on the verge to leave when somebody stopped her.

"Potter, stay behind."

Raven turned around, looking at the man in question, namely Snape. Come to think of it, that man looked far too much like a vampire for comfort.

"The Headmaster has requested to see you."

Somehow, Raven had a bad feeling about this.

- o0o -

Headmaster Dumbledore's office was a rather interesting place. It contained all kinds of interesting items, such as silver instruments on the Headmaster's desk, the portraits of former Headmasters of Hogwarts and a bird which looked like it was going to croak at any minute, and Raven took the opportunity to take her time while looking at them, making sure to avert her eyes from the person sitting behind the desk as she did so.

Yes. Albus Dumbledore, aka Twinkle-Twinkle as Raven sometimes privately referred to him as, the very personification of what-would-happen-if-one-mixed-Merlin-and-Santa-together himself, except with a complete lack of fashion sense and a ridiculous hat... and half-moon glasses which Raven suspected was only there to make him look smart. The long white beard spoke of great age and probably wisdom, but Raven knew better than to trust this somewhat grandfatherly appearance, mostly since those insanely twinkling blue eyes of his proved to be quite unnerving.

Actually, Raven's initial thought had been that she never wanted to be left alone with Twinkle-Twinkle, much less in his office where she would be completely at his mercy, so she adapted the very simple state of mind that as long as she never looked him directly in the eye, she was probably safe.

"Raven, you seem awfully... distracted?"

Oh really? Are we on a first name basis already, Headmaster?

"I hear you wished to see me... sir."

Technically, he has seen us, since he's been staring at you for the last five minutes or so. Can we leave?

No.

Can we set his clothes on fire? Her inner voice pressed on, doing a fair impression of the pyromaniac she had originally been.

No. Not yet at least.

"How have your day been, Raven?"

Raven's eyebrow twitched and she looked up at him for the first time, staring bluntly at his crooked nose, still avoiding eye contact. "It's Miss Potter, sir."

The twinkle in Dumbledore's eyes faded a little but Raven paid it no heed. "Then, Miss Potter..." the old man said in a soft and overly friendly manner as the rather insane twinkle returned. "How do you like the school so far?"

Raven resisted the urge to roll her eyes, retaining her very neutral expression as she let her eyes wander away from the man and onto his bird, which looked like it was on its last ropes. "Do you want an honest answer, sir?" she asked.

The insane twinkling intensified. "Yes, that would be greatly appreciated."

Sighing, Raven turned her head towards the portraits that were all watching her with keen interest while pretending to sleep.

"The curriculum is outdated and incomplete. Some of the teachers are downright boring or incompetent. The Sorting encourages segregation and the presence of different Houses encourages prejudice and further segregation which leads to bullying..." she said, turning her head back towards Dumbledore and locking eyes with him for the first time. "To sum it up, this school isn't so different from

all other schools I've gone to, with the exception that this one is magical. What more do you want me to say?"

Almost immediately she felt a feather light presence brush against her mental shields while her alter-ego let out a disapproving growl, pushing the presence back and shoving it out before the probe managed to accomplish anything. Dumbledore blinked, obviously surprised.

"Now, now, my girl..." he said, once again with the same grandfatherly tone. "It can't be that bad..."

Raven stared straight at him, seeing right through him. "You're right actually, sir," she said frostily. "It isn't that bad, it's worse than that. Now stop trying to probe inside my head or I'll do something very regrettable..."

Dumbledore once again looked surprised, but made a swift recovery. The twinkle had dulled yet again. "Why would I be probing inside your head, my girl?" he asked in a soft tone.

"I'm not going to speculate about your reasons..." Raven said in a voice which seemingly caused the room temperature to drop several degrees. "...But I can clearly tell that using Legilimency on a minor without the consent of his or her guardian or the individual herself is illegal..."

And thank you Inner Voice for teaching me such big words.

A snicker was heard from inside her head.

"I don't know what you're talking about, my girl..." Dumbledore said, still in the same grandfatherly way even if his façade was steadily crumbling to pieces.

"I'm not your girl and I will never be..." she said, her voice silky yet laced with poison. "Neither will I allow myself to be used as a mere pawn in your game, old man. Not all people can be bent to your will. Deal with it."

With that she turned around, walking out of his office without even waiting for permission. Dumbledore wasn't even fast enough to stop

her or even try to protest before she had already disappeared down the winding staircase.

That had been her first one on one conversation with Dumbledore, a process she wasn't very keen on repeating anytime soon, at least not before she had been able to dig up some dirt on him so that she would be able to use blackmail... or tip off the newspapers about that Legilimency thing.

Well... that didn't go all too well..., her Inner Voice announced as they were at enough distance.

"Oh... you don't mean that..." Raven stated in a low voice dripping with sarcasm. "I thought it went astoundingly well... Besides, I'm not done with him just yet."

Picking a fight with members of the big league already, are we? You're more reckless than I expected.

Not necessarily too reckless. Regardless, you did a great job in shoving the old coot out of my mind.

Well... I can't have him messing around with what's mine now, can I?

Raven paused momentarily. "Yours?" she inquired.

'Mine,' the other affirmed.

Then, Evil Mastermind, would you care to define what the Hell that's supposed to mean?

I'm a voice living inside your head, meaning that I have a quite comfortable little room inside your mind. Think of it as a cozy little apartment which I do not like company in.

Raven's eyebrow twitched. You arranged my mind to look like an apartment of some sort and you're living in there?

Well... technically your mind is the living room where I sit and enjoy the view. My room is a cupboard.

Right... I'm heading off to the library now since I doubt Binns will even notice I'm gone. We can continue talking about this... issue... when we get there.

- o0o -

Raven made her way to the library, not at all surprised that she found Hermione Granger seated at one of the tables, barely noticeable behind a mountain of books.

"You must really love books..." she said, seating herself on the other side of the table with a random book she had snatched from the bookcase closest as she had swept by.

Hermione looked up, visibly surprised, but then her eyes narrowed and she looked back down into the book she had been reading.

"What are you doing here, Da... Potter?" she asked, spitting the last part out as if the words tasted badly in her mouth.

Raven had to restrain herself not to laugh. "You may call me Darcie, since I happen to favor that name much more than my given one."

Hermione's head snapped up and the bushy haired girl almost snarled at her. "You didn't answer my question... Darcie."

Raven blinked. Then she smirked, flipping the pages in the book she was holding.

"Right... What am I doing here?" she said in a thoughtful manner. "Since 'here' is currently in the middle of a library and a library is filled with books and books are filled with useful knowledge and knowledge is power and I need power in order to survive my twentieth birthday..." she paused briefly, glancing at her. "Why do you think I'm here, Granger? Did you think I'm here hiding from my tormentors like you are?"

"I'm here to read," Hermione stated, flipping the page before starting on another one. "I'm not hiding from anyone."

Raven tilted her head to the side. "Not even Weasley and his lackeys?"

"I'm not afraid of them," Hermione stated, still not looking up and therefore missing the rather feral grin that had spread across Raven's face.

"I never suggested that you were..." she purred, obviously enjoying herself. "I merely suggested that you were hiding."

The other girl's head snapped up. "I'm not hiding from anyone, Darcie..." she said in a calm voice. "Now... unless you've got anything you want then I suggest you leave."

Raven actually found herself admiring the girl for not lashing out at her yet.

"Sorry, but I have nothing better to do than to pester you right now with my very existence..." Raven stated with a grin. "So... How's it going?"

"Tell me why I should answer that."

"If you answer my question then I might leave you alone..."

Hermione glared at her.

"Right... So Weasley hates me, he calls me a know-it-all and a nerd and no one really ever talks to me, except when it comes to requesting me to do their homework..." she spat. "Is that what you wanted to hear, so that you can call me a mudblood like Malfoy and spit after me wherever I go?"

Raven blinked, surprised for real this time. "...Why would I do that?"

Now it was Hermione's turn to look surprised. "Why? Because you're a..."

"...Slytherin?" Raven questioned. "A slimy snake who is basically a Dark Witch in the making?"

Hermione didn't answer and Raven sighed soundly as she slammed the book shut and slammed it onto the table. The Librarian, Madam Pince, looked up briefly from her desk before looking down again.

"Really Granger..." Raven said, speaking in an almost disappointed undertone. "I expected more of you than to listen to Weasel's ramblings about Slytherin. That prejudice is exactly why Slytherins behave like they do, since such behavior is expected of them. It's like a self-fulfilling prophecy. And, if a Slytherin doesn't act like a Slytherin he or she becomes a traitor. In order to play the game one has to be sly and cunning, ready to befriend or to backstab in a heartbeat. The other houses won't trust Slytherins, so Slytherins must trust themselves, to stay together at all costs. And, since we're speaking of prejudice, just look at yourself for a moment..." she paused briefly for the effect before giving the girl an overly critical look before she continued "You spend most of your time reading, wants to do your very best in every subject... When you speak you speak like you do know everything, or at least like you know better than anyone else... And, as far as I know, you worship authority figures. What does that make you?"

"I don't act superior and I don't worship authority figures..." Hermione protested.

"Prove it," Raven countered. "Allow me to quote you... 'You're saying it wrong. It's le-vi-oh-sa, not le-vi-o-sah'."

Her eyes narrowed at this.

"I didn't say that..." she snorted. "And you're pronouncing it wrong."

Raven tilted her head to the side.

"You just proved my point..." she said, earning herself an accusing look.

"You did that on purpose."

"Guilty as charged."

Hermione muttered something incoherent as she returned to her books, then she looked up again, as the one disturbing her concentration still had not left. "So what do you want anyway, Darcie, besides decreasing my study time?"

"Nothing really, but then again, now that you're asking, what would you say about an alliance?"

Hermione Granger looked like she didn't believe her ears. "A what?"

"An alliance." Raven repeated in a light manner, as if it would be the most natural thing in the world to purpose. "It would be beneficial for both of us."

The bushy-haired girl's eyes narrowed suspiciously. "What sort of alliance?"

In reality Raven wasn't exactly sure about what sort of alliance she was planning either, but then a plan slowly took shape inside her mind.

"Let me put it like this..." she stated with a neutral look on her face. "It's nothing major, but I need you to watch my back from Gryffindors and in return I will watch your back from Slytherins..."

"You want me to spy on my housemates?" she immediately bit back.

"No," Raven said in a slow voice, as if she was explaining herself to a small child. "I would just like to know whether any of them are planning my untimely demise."

"Darcie... You're really paranoid," the other concluded.

"Hermione..." Raven said in the same explaining manner as she raised her index finger. "A Dark Lord megalomaniac tried to kill me when I was merely a toddler; I have reasons to be paranoid." she offered her hand "Deal?"

The Gryffindor looked very suspicious at the offered hand, but then, after a bit of hesitation, she took the hand and shook it. "Deal."

They let go almost immediately, as if they had both been burned. Then Raven got to her feet, walking off in direction of the exit, where she stopped briefly and turned around.

"Oh... and by the way... If Malfoy ever bothers you, tell him you're in an alliance with Darcie le Fay. He'll understand."

"And if he doesn't?"

"Then I assure you that he'll regret it."

"Wait, Darcie. What about Wease... Weasley?"

"I have my own plans for Weasel," Raven announced as she disappeared out of the library, leaving a surprised and wondering Hermione Granger behind.

- oOo -

"So..." Raven stated in a low voice as she had entered a seemingly empty corridor. "That went awfully well."

We've got Granger roped up into our net, now what? You never explained this new grand scheme of yours to me.

I told you earlier, didn't I? I need allies and in case the Slytherins decides to backstab me too early in the game then I want to have a backup plan.

And what's wrong with a solo performance? We've done pretty well so far.

We went over this earlier.

Fine then. Now tell me this vaguely established plan of yours.

Right... Draco Malfoy has access to great amounts of money and other resources, along with the influence of his father since that man, according to our investigation, has supplied quite a lot of gold into the pockets of the government, which is corrupt if you ask me, but that makes being on friendly terms with Malfoy's son a much better arrangement. So, with Malfoy I might have some influence if I'm lucky, but if I'm seeking to establish some sort of control then I need more. That's where Hermione Granger comes in.

She's a loner, studious and practically a wandering lexicon. Is she supposed to supply you with intelligence?

I was rather considering giving her a book about wizard law for Christmas. One could always use a lawyer...

And what makes you so sure this grand plan of yours won't just backfire then?

To me it doesn't particularly matter whether it succeeds or not, seeing that I'm just in it for the entertainment.

You're getting awfully manipulative as of late. Did I miss something?

Not really, I'm just getting bored with this place. And no, you can't torch it yet.

Too bad. So, who else do you have in mind for this so called plan of yours?

Raven snickered, making her way to DADA lesson with Professor Quirrell.

We'll see, we'll see.

Well then... Do you know what's interesting in all of this?

No. Enlighten me.

You told Dumbledore earlier today that you would never be his pawn, yet now, maybe an hour later, you wind up getting your own pawns to play around with. Isn't that just a little strange?

Raven stopped briefly.

It's called guarding yourself against the wickedness of Fate. I hear Voldemort was one persistent bastard and Dumbledore is no doubt of a similar construction, so I quite frankly find it hard to believe that he would give up merely by that. I'm merely getting myself insurance for later on and perhaps a bit of entertainment if I'm lucky.

Fine then, I'll play along. But only if I get the prime seats.

You're living inside my head; you already have the prime seats.

Fine.

Also, this question may be somewhat strange, but what do I call you from now on? This Inner Voice and Alter-Ego crap is getting old.

Darcie?

No, because that would be like begging for a misunderstanding.

How so? We share a body and originated from the same source, so by a stretch that makes us the same person... hence, I see very little problem with us sharing the name you've given yourself.

Okay, fine. You're Darcie, I'm Raven. End of story. That ought to clear up any potential confusion of identity we may have in the future...

Darcie snorted, As if.

- o0o -

Raven was not entirely content with the course her life seemed to have taken lately, sitting day in and day out in a boring class, memorizing worthless text and socializing with a number of people she wasn't even sure she even liked. Therefore, it was a welcome distraction when Weasel walked up to Draco with his two lackeys and downrightly challenged him to a duel for insulting his family by calling them blood traitors. Some odd pureblood thing as it appeared. Raven didn't care much about the reason, as long as it took away some of the boredom.

So, Draco and Weasel would be dueling at midnight in the Trophy room. Weasel would be seconded by Seamus Finnegan and Draco would be seconded by Raven herself, who wouldn't pass off such an opportunity for a brawl when one presented itself.

"You're a cowardly spoiled brat Malfoy, who wants a girl to fight his battles for him..."

"This girl, Weasel, would easily wipe the floor with the both of you."

The redhead had looked a bit scared then, but certainly not scared enough.

"One has to wonder..." Draco said as they made their way towards the Trophy room. "...Whether Weasel will show up or not."

"He was the one who challenged you to the duel, so he is technically obliged to come, or this will count as forfeiting..." Raven replied with great certainty. "Though I doubt the Weasleys in general give much thought to proper wizardry conduct..."

Draco looked mildly surprised. "Weren't you raised with Muggles yourself? How do you learn about that?"

"I read a book about it."

Well technically Darcie read a book about it and told me about its contents...

"You should've been in Ravenclaw," Draco snorted.

"I could've been anywhere I wanted, but I chose Slytherin on my own since it went very well with my personal agenda..." Raven replied with a shrug. "For that matter, I look very good in green and silver."

"But Ra... Darcie, I still don't understand why we didn't set them up with Filch," Draco complained. "Why did you insist on us going to the place after hours and thereby risk getting caught?"

"Because I wanted to set the trap of course," Raven said with a snort. "Not that I would mind dueling a Gryffindor, but I have a rather... personal score to settle with Weasel."

Draco looked vaguely surprised before looking intrigued. "What sort of trap?"

- o0o -

The next day it appeared that the Gryffindor House had lost a total of seventy-five points since the day before, courtesy of Raven's trap, which was a sticky net similar to a spider web, only three thousand times thicker or so and a lot sturdier than a two inch steel wire. Anyone who trampled upon it was dead stuck until the stickiness lost effect, which conveniently happened to be half an hour, which gave more than enough time for them to be found by Filch and for Raven and Draco to be back into the safety of the Slytherin common room, stifling their laughter for a few minutes before retiring to their respective dorms.

The other Slytherin seemed somewhat aware of who lay behind the Gryffindor's latest loss of points and they clearly showed their opinion of it by sending anonymous packets of candy to the one responsible, the one going under the alias "Darcie le Fay". Exactly how all that candy addressed to her alter-ego managed to get sent to her was beyond Raven, not that she minded it, since none of it was poisoned. Darcie rejoiced, especially after Dumbledore appeared in the Great Hall, without his abominable hat and with a new abominable cloak, yellow this time. Said old man announced something pointless again, but it was clear that he had no lead whatsoever on who was responsible for the virtual destruction of his office. Raven could already hear that Darcie was planning to transfigure his robes into those of Santa Claus. Not that Darcie fancied Christmas anyway; she was just in it for the candy. As usual.

Still, thinking of Christmas... Wasn't Halloween the following day?

- o0o -

Raven Potter was bored. Darcie le Fay was very bored as well, and a bored Darcie didn't bode well for the wizarding world. It didn't bode particularly well for the rest of the world either, but that was beside the point. Boredom was never a good thing.

In order to relieve herself of it Raven started planning for what she was going to do after she finished or dropped out of or got expelled from school. If it could be referred to plans anyway, since it was all about burning and pillaging the wizard world. The kleptomania streak in her thinking was a fairly new one, but it went well with the pyromania, as she was now planning on stealing the things of value first and then set the place ablaze.

Now... How the Hell was she supposed to keep herself entertained for approximately six and a half years without being bored to death. Still, it was Halloween and the feast in the Great Hall was about to start. Since Raven herself hadn't particularly planned anything she sincerely hoped someone else was going to provide some entertainment.

On her way back from the library Raven spotted the back of Hermione Granger as she ran off in direction of the girl's lavatory

nearby. Seeing this, she raised an eyebrow, but was about to be on her way when Darcie spoke up.

She was crying.

And we should care because?

Isn't she supposed to be your ally?

She'll need to handle Weasel on her own, grow some backbone, you know?

And I'm supposed to be your evil side, right?

Hey, lay off. If I seem like the eviler one then evil up, bitch.

Since she didn't get a response to that one Raven calmly made her way towards the Great Hall, joining in with her fellow Slytherins. For the most part the feast went by without much happenings, before Professor Quirrell barged in of course, panting something about a troll in the dungeons before falling to the floor in a dead faint. In the chaos that erupted Raven suppressed a smirk; this was certainly...

And then along came the news that the Gryffindors were missing one, namely Hermione Granger, and Raven rolled her eyes before sighing and getting to her feet, making use of the confusion to slip out of the Great Hall and make her way towards the dungeons. Grappling with trolls was certainly not a part of her plans for the evening, but on the other hand, why not? She did not however make it out alone...

Draco Malfoy, surprisingly without his goons, was on her tail and was obviously questioning his own sanity for putting himself into this particular obviously rule-breaking situation.

"Right, so tell me one more time..." Draco complained as they walked their way towards imminent danger and possible death. "Why are we going to the dungeons, against orders, in order to save a Gryffindor mudblood, Granger, from this giant troll that may kill us?"

"Because I can't have my informant killed this early in the game..." Raven snorted. "Besides, it wasn't like I asked you to tag along."

"Do you really think you can take out a full-grown troll, Darcie?"

"Well, one can never know before one actually tries..." she replied with a shrug, earning herself a sharp glare from the blond Malfoy.

"If you get me killed down there my father will kill you," he warned.

"Then your father has to get next in line and wait for his turn like everyone else..." Raven replied in a bored voice.

"Still, isn't charging into this without a plan a typical Gryffindorish thing to do?"

"Who said I didn't have a plan?" Raven replied in a low voice as they hid behind a pillar, having caught sight of the troll. "Besides, if I can outsmart a Gryffindor I think I can outsmart a troll..."

Draco gave her a critical look. "But unlike Gryffindors this troll is several times bigger than you and armed."

Raven smirked and pulled out her wand. "Who said I wasn't armed?"

- o0o -

Beating a troll wasn't all that hard, the only trouble in the act was to do it without being caught in it, and seeing that she already had two possible witnesses, Draco and the scared-out-of-her-wits Granger, she would absolutely hate to have Dumbledore seeing what she could do just yet. Therefore, she said the first thing that came to her mind.

"Draco, close your eyes."

Not surprisingly, the Slytherin immediately protested.

"Do it," Raven firmly commanded, having switched fully over to playing Darcie le Fay. "Or I'll stun you and obliviate you." Then she shouted over to Granger, directing the troll's attention towards herself at the same time. "Granger, close your eyes!" A protest was coming along, she could feel it. "Just do it if you want to live!"

Trolls did not appear to be sturdy against fire, as the troll was at the moment nothing more than a smoldering carcass and a few meters away stood Darcie le Fay, looking appropriately bored as she laid eyes on it.

"Is the fun over already?" she muttered under her breath before stretching her stiff arms. "There we go. One troll down."

The two other occupants in the wreck that was the girl's lavatory, opened their eyes and didn't wait with their scolding.

"What the Hell did you...?"

"Could've gotten us all...!"

Raven, having reverted back to her normal self, placed a finger at her lips and hissed: "It would be in our best interest to get out of here before the teachers arrive. You two, get back to your common room."

"But where are you going?" Both asked at the same time before glaring begrudgingly at each other for doing so.

"The library, where else?" Raven replied with a shrug. "I'm off to craft myself an alibi. You can make up whatever excuse you like as long as I'm not in it. Have I made myself clear?"

The supposed natural enemies exchanged a short look before replying at the same time.

"Inescapably clear."

Then they both stormed off into opposite directions as soon as they had made their way out into the corridor. Raven smirked with a great sense of triumph before she swiftly located the secret passage entrance she had discovered the other day before disappearing into one of the passages. An old castle with tons of secret passages and possibly even chambers... How utterly cliché...

- o0o -

"Potter, why did you disappear from the feast?"

She looked up from her book, coming face to face with a very disgruntled Minerva McGonagall. Raven looked down again, placing her face in the appropriate indifferent expression she had prepared for this occasion.

"I kind of lost my appetite."

The Gryffindor Head of House scowled at her. "Why didn't you go back to your common room?" she inquired.

"One..." Raven said with a great amount of patience. "...Because I wanted to be alone. Two... because my common room is in the dungeons, which was at the moment the location of a troll."

When there was no proper response from the professor and Raven got the feeling she was about to lose a great amount of house points she looked up again, pinning Professor McGonagall with a serious gaze accompanied with a very serious question.

"What's the today's date?"

Minerva McGonagall blinked, obviously a bit put off, but she found herself swiftly. "October 31st..." she replied.

Raven gave her a blank look, accompanied by another question, asked in a voice with a great amount of sarcasm. "What date... was my parents' untimely demise ten years ago?"

McGonagall cringed at this, finally catching onto things. "October 31st."

Raven continued giving her the same blank look as before.

"Now..." she said. "Why the Hell would I like to celebrate my parents' untimely demise or spend it together with overly cheerful people when I want to crawl up inside a corner and weep my heart out while thinking about what could've been?"

Ah, the pity card. Undignified, but still very much useable...

"You're pardoned..." she announced with a sniff before making her way out of the library.

- o0o -

"You utterly disgust me, Potter..." Snape announced as he entered the library a few minutes later.

Raven looked up with a skewed smile adorning her lips. "How utterly disappointing; I who thought you thought of me fondly... Professor Snape."

His eyes narrowed. "You're just as arrogant as your father."

Raven returned the look with interest, along with a few well thought out words. "Lucky I'm not as dead as him then."

"Lucky for whom?" he asked, looking clearly amused for some odd reason.

Raven had to do her best not to stare at him. Snape smiling was just so wrong in so many different ways. Seeing him this cheerful it kind of made her wonder whether somebody had actually died. Oh right... that troll thing.

"You've got a valid point there Professor..." she replied with a shrug. "Fortunately, I don't believe in luck. Regardless, I fail to see how I could turn out as arrogant as my father when I have not had the same experiences as him. You see, I grew up with muggles who considered and still do consider magic as a disease and who spent the early part of my life trying to suppress me in order to make sure I didn't turn out as a freak like my parents apparently were."

He didn't have a snappy response to that, so she blatantly assumed that they had stirred up some kind of reaction. Still, nowhere enough, so Raven continued.

"Now..."she said. "I believe you had a perfectly sensible reason for loathing my late father, but I seriously doubt that we've known each other long enough to be passing judgment. My father is dead and I never knew him, but if you loath me merely because of some childhood grudge you had on him then bury it where it belongs without pestering me about it. Bury it where it belongs or I'll bury you along with it..."

She paused briefly, watching how her words were affecting him. "Now, I know that you're very eager to give me detention, but please, let me finish. It's quite apparent that you have something against me in general, but if that is merely because of my father then you have condemned half of my DNA without a proper reason for it. So tell me, what did my mother ever do to you?"

Now that stirred something up. Snape actually looked like he was about to do something to her, like as if he was going to slap her, punch her, hex her or anything of the kind. Oh well, she might as well continue speaking while she was still able to.

"Oh, would you look at that..." she said, sounding almost accusing. "You knew her, didn't you? You, a Slytherin and a former Death Eater, knew my mother, a filthy mudblood. No, wait... Don't tell me you love her, since if you do and that this animosity is due to some kind of love drama from maybe twenty years ago then I'm going to go tie myself a noose and bungee jump from the Astronomy tower."

He still remained silent, but the silence was more that of shock than of rage. At the moment at least, as Raven was sure the episode would eventually pass and she would end up paying for this... somehow. Still, no use quitting once one has started something.

"No detention?" she taunted. "No retracting of points? Oh yeah... that's because I'm a Slytherin..." she slammed the book she had been reading shut and got to her feet. "Oh well, if you have nothing add then I'm going to continue moping around until curfew, reading The History of Magic. Goodnight Prof." and with that she exited the library, not looking back or stopping before she was well out of hearing range with the book in hand.

He's limping.

Don't you think I've already noticed?

Now... Are we reading this or not?

Raven looked at the cover before making her decision.

Nope... I'd prefer to live, without boring myself to the death...

Tonight was not a night for studying. As a matter of fact, tonight was not a night for studying at all, since sneaking around after curfew wasn't to be considered studying, even if Raven herself had already learnt way more in one night than she had done in class.

Avoiding Argus Filch wasn't even a challenge once she had learned the trick; standing very still against the wall right next to a suit of armor while pretending to be a part of the wall. To be completely honest, she hadn't expected it to work the first time she tried it out, but surprisingly enough both Filch and his odd pet cat Mrs. Norris just passed by none the wiser. It was not invisibility; it was simply not being seen by pretending to be something else. Now that was certainly interesting.

- oOo -

Yawning Raven set off to her next class, which appeared to be some kind of flying lesson, with the Gryffindors of all people. Seriously, the one who set the Gryffindors and Slytherins together in class was just asking for trouble...

Not that Raven complained though, since it was likely to provide entertainment.

- oOo -

She thought there would be entertainment, but there was none. That Longbottom guy broke his wrist, got escorted to the infirmary, got his Rememberall stolen by Malfoy and so on. Then Raven laid her hands on it and considered selling it on ebay, before she realized there was no freaking internet in this surreal place. Then she considered trying out the Black Market, but then she had a morality crisis and gave it back to him, in a sinister and cunning way of course, as befitting of a Slytherin, then she went off to pull a few pranks on the general population in the area, but before she was able to she was faced with the Weasley twins in an otherwise empty corridor. Suspecting they had not approached her with friendly intentions, rather promising retaliation for what she had done to their little brother a while back, she didn't lower her guard. Her face remained neutral as she awaited their next move, and as it came she showed no sign of surprise, as the two redheads bowed down before her.

"Fred and George Weasley..."

"...at your service."

Raven tilted her head to the side, silently questioning their motives for a few moments before swiftly deciding that she didn't really give a damn. At the moment at least.

"Raven Potter..." she said, pausing briefly as she gave the surroundings a glance. "...Also known as Darcie le Fay. What can I do for you?"

They looked up at her and their faces lit up. "Can we be your minions?"

Hearing this, Raven's eyebrow twitched noticeably. "My what?"

They exchanged a look of surprise before looking back at her. "Your minions."

Raven tilted her head to the other side, giving them both a disbelieving look.

"...You're the sons of a prominent light family and the brothers to one of my enemies..." she said. "Why would you want to become my minions?"

Still, regardless of their reasons, having the Weasley Twins as her minions would likely be... an excellent choice, as she would never be bored again with them around...

"Because..."

"...We are..."

"...Convinced..."

"...That you are..."

"..."

"...In need..."

"...Of knights..."

"...To prank..."

"...Thy enemies..."

"Still..." Raven questioned. "You're supposed to be on the light side. Why?"

They exchanged another look with each other before staring at her and stating the obvious.

"You are..."

"...Also..."

"...From a prominent light family."

Raven sighed, raising her hands in resignation.

"...Right. Then join the Dark side, dear minions..." she said flatly. "We'll celebrate with some fire whiskey. It's good stuff."

They exchanged a look before staring at her.

"You are..." Fred started.

"...Eleven," George finished.

Raven raised an eyebrow.

"So?"

So, the wizarding world still didn't make much sense to her, but on the other hand she didn't care much anyway. Seeing her prospects of being properly entertained in the future Raven saw an opportunity and she took it.

- o0o -

Review? ^^

## A Question of Timing

- o0o -

The following days and months went by without much interesting events, excluding what pranks the Weasley Twins released upon the unsuspecting general population within the castle walls and the fact that Raven's teacher in DADA was quite obviously possessed.

Yes. Possessed. Raven found it kind of hard to believe that no one else seemed to have noticed that the stuttering fool was in fact a possessed stuttering fool. Having had her own share already with voices in her head Raven herself was pretty certain that Professor Quirrell was, in fact, more or less controlled or at least manipulated by something. Dumbledore just had to get a new pair of glasses... or maybe he was this blind from the beginning. In one way or another... supposedly.

December the 21st.

Draco, along with most other Slytherins, had gone home for the weekend, just like the majority of the students in general. Raven had even found herself invited to come along, a request she politely declined.

Raven had to admit; she favored the school much more when there weren't a lot of people in it. It was all nice and empty and quiet. It had one backside though; an almost empty school made avoiding Twinkle-Twinkle, who appeared to be stalking her, so much harder.

Why was it so hard to keep avoiding Twinkle-Twinkle? Simple. Because he was everywhere. The portraits themselves just had to be spying on her. Perhaps she should set an example...

Ripping the portraits of the wall and starting a nice bonfire with them while listening to their screams of agony did sound very tempting, but getting them all at once without getting caught would be tough, not that Raven ever said no to a real challenge when she was this bored.

At the moment she was taking her regular midnight stroll around the castle, pretty much looking for trouble. And soon enough, trouble found her. Raven knew, instinctively, that Dumbledore aka Twinkle-

Twinkle, was standing behind the corner at the end of the corridor, waiting for her. So basically, the only thing between her and a usually very unpleasant talk with said Headmaster was a stone wall... and a half open door. It was obviously some kind of trap, but entering through it would give her at least a few more seconds to think up an escape plan. She entered and stopped abruptly, staring at this huge mirror at the other end of the otherwise pretty empty room. A huge and very pretty mirror.

Pretty not for the framework of course, but for the very interesting scenery it displayed, namely Raven herself right in the middle of setting fire to Privet Drive. Needless to say, to Raven it was one of the most heartwarming scenes she had ever witnessed in her entire life. Now... if she only managed to make that into reality...

"Good evening, Raven... up late again?"

...And there came Wannabe-your-Grandpa waltzing into the room. Great, just great.

"It's nothing, sir... Just a bit of insomnia."

Technically not a lie, though technically not a truth either.

"Fascinating, is it not..." Dumbledore said. "The Erised Mirror."

"Fascinating or not, it is merely a mirror which reflects our deepest desires or some other crap..." Raven replied with a bored outlook on her face. "No matter what I see in there, it isn't like it is a wish which can be granted in reality anyway..."

...Not now at least.

"What do you see in there then, dear girl?" Dumbledore asked after a few moments of silence.

"My mother, supposedly, and my father, perhaps. I can't really tell, as I have never actually laid eyes on them..." Raven replied in a falsely sincere matter. "What do you see when you look into the mirror, sir?"

Hearing this, the old coot chuckled and Raven could simply imagine the almost insane twinkle which just had to inhabit his eyes at this

particular moment. "Me? I see myself with a pair of woolen socks... People insist on giving me books..."

Raven said nothing for a few moments before excusing herself. Dumbledore said something about that the mirror was being moved and so on, but Raven didn't really pay much attention as she swiftly made her way towards the Slytherin Common Rooms.

He wants socks, eh? We'll see what he says about that when he finds his precious book collection missing...

You're evil.

And I get it all from you. Now... where was that mirror going?

The forbidden corridor, where else? It's rather obvious to anyone with even half a brain...

What is to be done about Quirrell?

We wait for him to make the first move. If he attacks then we know what to do, right?

Burn him to cinders?

Pretty much.

- o0o -

Raven, after having experienced a major blank in her memories (which wasn't totally unusual in her case), found herself scowling down at the note before her, like it was the note itself which held the reason for her contempt and not the ugly truth, one she'd deep down expected but seeing it written down on paper seriously pissed her off.

It was a note handwritten by her all-knowing alter-ego, listing a number of "irregularities" or curious coincidences in her life, as a complement to the stuff she'd either read about or had Hagrid reveal.

Irregularity number one: Dark Lord wants to kill infant self. Why? (What potential threat can a one-year-old pose to a Dark Lord?)

Irregularity number two: the Beard said parents had gone into hiding under the Fidelius and that one of their friends (Sirius Black) betrayed them. Why the heck didn't they just cast the Fidelius themselves?

Irregularity number three: The supposed Secret Keeper Sirius Black was later on apprehended for the murder of another one of his friends (Pettigrew) and sentenced to Azkaban (the magical version of Alcatraz). Why no record of trial? (I checked) Sent to prison without facing trial? (Curious fact: Sirius Black is your godfather and the person who'd get custody of you in case your parents croaked)

Irregularity number four: Although the Beard was not very forthcoming about details, Dumbledore pretty much had him kidnap you from the crime scene and sent you to the Dursleys, even though Black had expressed a desire to take care of you. Why did he see the need to place you with semi-abusive relatives that obviously hated magic? (Guess: as you are famous, the Girl-Who-Lived crap and all, he wanted to prevent you from getting a big head and therefore he sent you to a place which would keep you humble and malleable to whatever plans he may have for you. Major backfire ^\_^)

Irregularity number five: in the early years when you starved and suffered under the Dursleys, why did no one see it fit to contact the social services?

Irregularity number six: why did he send the Beard, who is not a teaching member of staff, to pick up a student? Note: why did Dumbledore have the key to your vault? Why didn't the Beard inform you about the barrier at Kings Cross, even when you pretended to be ignorant about the wizarding world? Why was he so adamant about that all bad wizards came from Slytherin (he did mention this although you probably weren't listening) even if the Dark Lord allegedly had plenty of followers in other houses?

Irregularity number seven: Why did Weasley woman (I can't recall her name) speak so loudly about muggles at Kings Cross? What about that thing called Statute of Secrecy? Was she planted there so that you, who supposedly didn't know how to get through, would find her, talk to her and get acquainted with her big and extremely light pureblood family?

Irregularity number eight: Why did Weasel claim there were no other empty compartments when there logically should've been plenty (with the decrease in children due to the war)?

...

Irregularity number something-something: with Hogwarts supposedly being the "safest place in Britain", how come we've so far had one troll loose in the dungeons (with the castle wards and all of that, how the Hell did it get there?), one possessed professor drinking blood from dead unicorns in the Forbidden Forest (I checked) and one three-headed dog up there in the forbidden corridor (I checked), obviously guarding something (other than the Erised Mirror which was moved there recently, presumably the mysterious package the Beard picked up from Gringotts)

...

Hypothesis: This year features a test courtesy of I-Wanna-Be-Your-Grandpa in order to measure your heroine potential and mold you into a better weapon against the Dark Lord, as you are presumably the only person who is capable of bringing him down (either due to some prophecy or some other crap like that, or simply due to the fact that the rest of the wizarding world are simply too incompetent to do so themselves).

Suspected motivation for this act: it's for the Greater Good (after all, that's how his childhood friend Grindenwald came to motivate his questionable actions later on in life)

Suggested course of action:

One: stay off his radar as much as possible.

Two: ask him about why you have to stay with the Dursleys. I really want to know.

Three: Find yourself a better guardian or get yourself emancipated (I can help you with this).

Four: bribe someone into checking your place of residence for Mail Wards. The mysterious absence of fan mail is rather suspicious.

Five: If Twinkle-Twinkle starts swinging his weight around, become friends with Lucius Malfoy; he's got the Minister of Magic in his pocket (through generous donations/bribes)

Six: Read some bloody books for once, because I'm not doing all your work for you.

Note: as I presume you've already lost interest long ago, I'll put this simple:

Deal with possessed professor first. When he's out of the way you can take the proper measures with Twinkle-Twinkle.

Also, I took the liberty of finishing your homework for the next three months or so, so you have no excuse not to have time to do the things I ask of you.

- Darcie le Fay (because I was the one who thought up such a badass name in the first place)

Raven sighed before folding the paper and putting it into her pocket.

Damn you for adding to my workload.

- o0o -

To Raven Quidditch, the grandiose sport of the wizard world, was one of the stupidest pieces of crap ever even invented. This however did not stop her from participating in the betting on who was going to win. Apparently her father had been a great Quidditch player, or something along those lines, not that Raven herself would actually give a shit.

Shifting a bit in her seat Raven was under the impression that someone was sending her the Evil Eye or something. She looked over at Weasel, who was all too focused at the game to be the one, then she looked at Snape, who wasn't even looking in her direction. Instead he had his eyes fixed on Professor Quirrell, who was staring at her.

Resisting a sudden urge to stick her tongue out Raven did what other sensible thing she could make up at the moment; she smiled sweetly and waved at him before turning back to watch the game.

This will end tonight...

- o0o -

The clock was exactly two in the morning when Quirrell made his move towards infiltrating the forbidden corridor, but before he was able to get in there Darcie le Fay made her grand entrance...

"Fancy seeing you here Quirrell."

"M-miss P-potter..." Quirrell stuttered. "What a-are y-you d-doing h-here?"

"Cut out the small talk, Turban-man..." she said, tilting her head to the side. "The one I have business with lives inside your head, literally."

"I-I-I... W-what are you..."

"Enough Servant. I will speak."

Quirrell started protesting, but was immediately silenced by a hiss. Then the turban was removed and Raven aka Darcie le Fay was faced with the back of his head and the ugly face of... something.

"We meet again, Raven Potter."

"Hello Moldy-shorts..." she replied, really just guessing who she was talking to.

"Do you have a death wish you little brat?"

- o0o -

Ten minutes later... Voldemort (or what was left of him) had been thoroughly incinerated and Darcie le Fay was in possession of the Philosopher's stone.

She was on her way back to the Slytherin common room when something very... interesting happened. Raven crossed her arms across her chest and tilted her head to the side.

"So, this person dips down right in front of me and introduces herself as...?"

The stranger got to her feet, brushing the dust of her dark robes and checking around for broken bones before answering.

"It's Dark Witch Morgana," she said dryly. "...Also known as Morgana le Fay, also known as Darcie le Fay, also known as Raven le Fay/Potter, also known as Raven Darcie le Fay Potter-Black..." she paused briefly before adding "I guess that would make me you from the future."

Raven's eyebrow twitched, "...You're serious?"

She nodded, "Unfortunately."

"Bloody freaking serious?"

"Yes," she affirmed. "I am in fact bloody freaking serious."

Raven tilted her head to the side. "How come you look about my age then?"

Morgana raised her index finger and said: "Two words: De-aging potion."

"Ah..." Raven said. "My condolences."

"You don't know the half of it..." Morgana replied. "Now tell me, what year is it?"

Raven pointed at herself. "I'm eleven and a first year. It's right after Christmas. Does that answer your question?"

"First year, huh?" Morgana said, turning towards her and gripping onto her shoulders. "Then I'll give you a fine piece of advice..." the grip hardened considerably "Four years from now on you might encounter a fanciful guy from Durmstrang, but no matter how unbelievably good-looking he may be, back the Hell off when he starts eyeing out your jugular."

"Vampire?"

"Tell me about it..." Morgana said. "It was after that I transferred to Durmstrang."

Raven blinked. "You transferred? Why?"

"It was either that or being chased out by a torch bearing mob."

"But if you're me from the future you should be immune to the effects of..."

"Being bitten apparently negated that," Morgana snapped before she started walking. "Pity, as I was quite fond of it. Regardless, we need to find another location. Come along."

"Where to?" Raven asked.

"The Chamber of Secrets..." she replied "It can be our new clubhouse."

- oOo -

"Welcome, welcome to the Chamber of Secrets," Morgana shouted out, her voice echoing in the chamber. "This is the secret hideout of Salazar Slytherin, the closet pervert of the creators."

Raven raised an eyebrow. "Closet pervert?"

"The entrance to his secret hideout is in the girl's lavatory," Morgana replied "One can pretty much draw one's own conclusions from that."

Raven found herself actually agreeing on that. Then she said: "So... Does that mean you intend to hang around?"

"Well, duh..." Morgana replied, sitting down on top of a large statue while studying her nails. "The only reason I got back here in the first place was because I got drunk and messed up the spell I was working on."

"You don't look particularly drunk," Raven commented.

"I sober up pretty quickly when I'm shocked," Morgana added. "Accidentally getting thrown back in time may tend to do that to

you..." she paused briefly before looking down at her and asking "So, is the Squirrel still around?"

Raven gave her the thumbs up sign along with a broad smile. "Nope, finished him about an hour ago, along with the parasite living in the back of his head."

"And the Philosopher's Stone?"

"Right here..." Raven said and pulled the bright red object from out of her pocket. "Do I care to ask what you intend to do with it?"

Morgana summoned it to her hand and studied it carefully.

"Seeing that I am a vampire already I see no real use for this thing myself," she said after a while. "But, this thing was 'borrowed' from Nicolas Flamel anyway, for safekeeping of course, by all our Wannabe-your-Grandfather... Bumblebee."

"Are you sure you don't mean... Dumbledore?"

"Same thing really..." Morgana replied. "However, if I have the stone I could strike a pretty nice deal with the Flamels if I were to return it, unless you've got better plans for it of course..."

"Nah," Raven said with a yawn. "I already tried to strike a deal with Voldemort but he just wouldn't ask nicely for it so that didn't work out. Do as you please."

Morgana raised an eyebrow.

"You tried to make Wannabe-Dark-Lord ask nicely for something?" she asked with a tone of disbelief. "Were you even expecting him to really do it?"

"Nope, I did it just for the kicks."

"For the kicks huh?"

- oOo -

Ten minutes later Raven knew everything worth knowing about horcruxes... or whatever they were called, along with a great

number of spoilers from the future, as Morgana really wasn't the person to worry about future consequences or other such crap. After hearing that her future self was aiming for hunting them all down Raven found herself asking why she even bothered, earning herself a tired look from her future counterpart.

"These horcruxes are pretty much what've kept Voldy to this world..." she said. "That's why I need to find them and destroy them. For my own sake, mind you, not for the Greater Good or any of that crap. If I manage to get rid of Tommy boy's little toys and kill him then the Girl-Who-Lived will be no more..." she paused briefly "When I off Voldemort I'll change it to the Girl-Who-Lived-To-Kill-the-Rest-of-You. Then maybe people will fear me enough to leave me the Hell alone."

"Not bloody likely..." Raven replied. "At least with people like Dumbledore around."

Morgana tilted her head to the side with a bored look on her face.

"Well, Bumblebee isn't going to be much of a problem when that time comes, I hope," she said. "He died during my sixth year I think... or was killed by Snape I suppose. It was epic. Too bad I didn't get to do the honors myself... Oh well, I guess I have a new shot at it now if I want..."

Smiling Raven waved dismissingly with her hand. "He's all yours."

"Looks like we're going to get along," Morgana said while checking something off of the list which was hovering before her. "Oh, and another thing... We need to snatch a map from the Weasley Twins..."

Raven raised an eyebrow. "A...map?"

"The Marauder Map..." Morgana clarified. "Useful little thing, when in the right hands. Could get us busted though, in the wrong hands... After all, it could raise some questions if there were two dots of Raven Potter / Darcie le Fay running around... I have to confirm what I've been tagged with..."

Raven tilted her head to the side. "Haven't you even maybe considered just asking for it?"

"Hey, I'm the stranger here," Morgana replied. "They're your friends. You ask them nicely."

Raven tilted her head to the other side. "And if they say no?"

"Then you kill them."

"You're quite drastic, you know that?" Raven commented.

"Maybe I am, but I am far more experienced than you are," Morgana replied, handing a book towards her. "Or would you want me to off Dumbledore for you first?"

Raven frowned as she took the book.

"Right..." she said after a while. "If I know myself right, then I don't do stuff for free. So there has to be a catch somewhere. What do you want?"

"I want a lot of things," Morgana replied with a shrug. "Among them I want your cooperation. Doing things solo is fun in itself, but it's way more interesting when you have someone to discuss with..." she paused briefly "But really, this exposition thing has taken far too long. You have the book. Read it."

Checking the title Raven raised an eyebrow before looking up at her future self with a look of disbelief on her face. "Raven Potter and the Plot for World Domination?"

"My bestseller..." Morgana explained with a smirk. "Sorry, our bestseller."

Raven blinked, flipping through it as a thought struck her.

"Hey, hang on a minute..." she said. "If you're me from the future, how the Hell are we able to coexist in the same time line?"

Morgana waved dismissingly at her.

"It's in the book, it's in the book..." she said with a yawn. "I'm going to sleep now. I need to rest up before I go hunting."

"And what if Bumblebee or someone else got a hold of it?" Raven asked.

"Doesn't matter..." Morgana yawned. "This particular copy is keyed to Darcie le Fay, a name applying to both of us. No one else can read it..." she blinked tiredly "...Can't be fooled by Polyjuice elixir, fireproof, waterproof, virtually indestructible... I considered lacing the pages with poison, but now a person who rips out a page will be thoroughly electrocuted..."

Raven raised an eyebrow. "You never do things halfway, do you?"

"Nope. It comes with being somewhat of a perfectionist with a decent amount of paranoia."

"A decent amount?"

"A huge amount then. Now go away and let me sleep..."

- o0o -

The rest of the year passed by without many interesting events occurring at all and before she knew it Raven was on her way back to the Dursleys... again. This was only temporary however, as she fully intended to leave as soon as humanly and inhumanly possible. She hadn't gotten around to asking the Headmaster about her living arrangements, as she had somehow concluded that they were none of his business, none of anybody's business actually, as no one had had the decency to care about her wellbeing before.

Still, she couldn't help but marvel at the sheer idiocy of the Hogwarts personnel, especially Dumbledore and McGonagall, along with pretty much every teacher besides Snape. Raven knew that Snape knew that she was responsible for the incineration of Quirrell, but due to the lack of action from him Raven knew that Snape wasn't very likely to tell anyone about it. Come to think of it, Snape was probably aware that she had the stone as well, though not any longer, as Morgana had delivered it to the Flamels about a week earlier.

Exactly what Morgana spoke about with Nicolas Flamel was still somewhat of a mystery to Raven, not that she even cared much about it anyway.

Now that she came to think about it, perhaps the reason Snape had come to like her was that he had gotten to teach DADA after Quirrell's disappearance/unfortunate demise. Or maybe it was because Slytherin had won the House Cup this year... again... or because Gryffindor had ended up in the last place... It was pretty difficult to determine which, but it was clear enough that Snape was in an unusually good mood for the rest of the year.

Still, going back to the Dursleys was a bit of a bummer, but Morgana had promised she would do something about that soon enough. Still, there was that piece of parchment... that accursed piece of parchment...

No magic during the summer.

Not that the magic ban would be stopping Raven from wreaking havoc when she felt like it; her fire wasn't traceable after all, but she still had this feeling that this year's summer would end very badly for those involved. Raven also had a feeling that Dumbledore would be spying on her. Damn that closet pervert, putting his nose where it sure didn't belong...

Having read at least a part of the book in addition to the list compiled earlier by her alter-ego, Raven could conclude that much could be said about the so called Leader of Light. It was just too bad that Wanna-be-Your-Grandpa so far couldn't be charged for his actions, not before someone had managed to tarnish his great reputation at least. Yes... something seriously needed to be done about that, but who should do it?

It had to be someone sly, someone respectable and someone with a lot of cash who could easily bribe himself into the halls of power without getting as much as a second glance...

Lucius Malfoy.

It was just too bad that the man was a supporter of the Dark Lord. Oh well, so was Snape, even if he just happened to be a spy for Dumbledore as well... Someone would seriously have to change that though... getting him to spy for Raven as well shouldn't be too hard to accomplish... Still, bending Lucius might need other methods...

Her so called friendship with Draco would almost definitely help that out, if she only could convince the man that the Dark Lord wasn't the leader they were looking for. Now, who would be a better choice?

Morgana le Fay. She was using the name of a Dark Sorceress, the half-sister of King Arthur, enemy of Merlin, the queen of Avalon, a skilled Healer as well as an animagus. It was very likely to stir up something once it became public knowledge. Raven just couldn't wait for when the press got their hands on this one.

- oOo -

Meanwhile, said time traveling vampire, all hooded, covered up and wearing sunglasses, was at the moment roaming the countryside of Hampshire, Little Hangleton to be precise, digging up some dirt... along with the bones of some muggle.

Tom Riddle Senior.

The late father of one Tom Marvolo Riddle aka Lord Voldemort aka I-Don't-Wanna-Die.

After all, it wasn't like Morgana wanted to have him resurrect the same way again, especially not as she was intending on getting rid of him way before that. This time she was starting early and she intended on finishing early as well. After having made sure she had gotten all of the bones she shrunk and pocketed them before she went off in search of a certain ring...

After another couple of hours one of the three Deathly Hallows, the Resurrection Stone, was in her grasp.

Come to think of it, Raven still hadn't gotten the Invisibility Cloak from Bumblebee, meaning that two of the three Deathly Hallows were still in the hands of said Headmaster.

Morgana sighed; this looked like it might be more troublesome than she had initially thought. Nonetheless... since she was already hunting for the horcruxes, she thought she might as well hunt down the Deathly Hallows while she was at it. Still, getting her hands on the horcruxes took priority. After a moment of consideration she picked out her next target and disappeared without a sound.

- o0o -

Life at Privet Drive turned out to be far from as pleasant as Raven remembered it. Surely enough, the Dursleys still cowered with fear at her pyrotechnics, but it proved pretty difficult to do them without being seen by those freaking watchers. Seriously, what would an approximately twelve-year-old supposed savior of the Wizarding world do in order to get someone to file a restraining order?

Then again, of course the old coot was above the law. He was the freaking Supreme Mugwump after all... whatever that was...

Now... while there wasn't much Raven could do besides bidding her own time she often took strolls into a park nearby where she sat on the swings and plotted the world's demise... all while reading the Book. By now Raven felt like she had developed an understanding as to why it had become a bestseller in the first place, in the future of course. It was certainly a book which kept one entertained when there wasn't anything better to do, now that she had already finished all homework in a fit of extreme boredom to keep herself from torching something.

Anymore of this crap and I'm going to snap...

Afternoon turned into evening as she sat there, reading, alone, just like she preferred it. Another thing that she found fascinating, besides the book of course, was the fact that her watchers still hadn't gotten tired of watching her read all day long. Seriously, those guys needed to get a hobby...

As the sun finally set and the shadows grew larger, approaching footsteps were heard and Raven looked up with a triumphant smirk on her face.

"It's about time," she said, slamming the book closed. "You're late."

The hooded figure let out an amused chuckle before holding out a pale and bony hand towards her, which she immediately took.

"We've got work to do, so let's go."

And then they were gone.

- o0o -

Meanwhile, Dumbledore received an urgent message.

"Raven Potter taken away by an unknown person?"

- o0o -

And consequently, the headline of the Daily Prophet screamed out "GIRL-WHO-LIVED MISSING". After that all Hell broke loose.

- o0o -

Raven read the newspaper before abruptly setting fire to it.

"That's it..." she said. "I'm going to kill somebody... Here I am, minding my own business and taking a trip to rid myself of boredom and I get reported as missing like five minutes later? What's next? That I've been kidnapped by the forces of evil?"

"Can't you wait until I've worked out a plan to steal Hufflepuff's Cup?" Morgana asked without much interest while studying what appeared to be blueprints.

Raven looked up with a hint of curiosity in her eyes.

"How are you going to steal it?" she asked. "They've got freaking dragons over there."

"Unfortunately I am not fireproof..." Morgana said after a moment of thinking. "You on the other hand..."

An evil smirk immediately appeared on Raven's face.

"GIRL-WHO-LIVED ROBS GRINGOTTS," she said with an overdramatic newsreader voice. "I kind of like the sound of that... But they'll just think I'm under the Imperius or whatever..."

"...Because they aren't aware that it doesn't work on you..." Morgana finished. "Neither are they aware that the Cruciatus Curse and the Killing Curse doesn't work on me..."

Raven raised an eyebrow.

"Really?" she said with a smug look on her face. "Is that because you also have one of these horcrux-things just like the Riddle?"

Morgana merely shrugged her shoulders.

"Maybe I have, maybe I don't..." she said. "Regardless Little Pyro, you need not concern yourself with such things at the moment... Since I technically am you I'll be sure not to act in any ways to place you in a disadvantageous situation... And I hope that you will at least have the courtesy of doing the same for me..."

Raven blinked before pointing at herself.

"Little Pyro?"

"Fits like a glove doesn't it?" Morgana said. "You can call me Big Sis if you like..."

Raven raised her index finger.

"How about Big Sissy?"

Morgana bared her teeth. "I'd prefer Morgan or at least Darcie; that's my name after all."

Raven blinked.

"You're Darcie as in my evil alter-ego?" she said after a while. "So you're the reason I can't feel her around anymore?"

"No shit, Sherlock..." Morgana replied. "It still doesn't mean that you will stop hearing voices just because of that, seeing that you do still have that hotline to I-Don't-Wanna-Die imprinted on your forehead... Besides, we're connected."

"Through what?" Raven inquired. "If you tell me you've got a horcrux on your own inside my head I will get very angry..."

"I promise that I haven't embedded a horcrux inside your head or body..." Morgana replied with a great amount of boredom in her voice. "Our connection is due the fact that one; we are technically

the same person, except that I am your alter-ego from the future and two; because we still share the same soul, with the exception that I no longer possess the soul souvenir I-Don't-Wanna-Die left in you..."

"The scar..." Raven said with a thoughtful expression. "Exactly how did you manage to get rid of it?"

"In a drinking brawl with said Dark Lord..." Morgana snapped, eyes narrowing. "Don't ask..."

- o0o -

As it turned out, they didn't have to rob a bank after all, to Raven's great disappointment. Morgana got another bright idea, one involving setting Sirius Black on the loose. He happened to be the Head of the House of Black after all and thus they would likely be able to get their hands on not just one but two of Voldemort's horcruxes.

- o0o -

Now, even if they weren't going to rob the bank they were still going there to investigate a thing or two about Raven's accounts. They went into Diagon Alley, both heavily disguised.

First Morgana entered the bank, pausing briefly afterwards until Raven caught up and they walked up to a goblin together. Morgana leant forward, speaking it in perfect Gobbledegook.

"Good day, Mister Goblin..." she said with an indifferent look on her face. "I have something of great financial importance to discuss with your boss..."

The goblin raised an eyebrow, shifting his look from the heavily cloaked vampire to the infamous Girl-Who-Lived who were right by her.

"I will inform him right away," he then said. "After I've escorted you to a more... private instance, if that is alright with you?"

- o0o -

Seating herself in a quite comfortable armchair in what seemed to be someone's office Raven turned her head towards her future counterpart with a frown present on her face.

"Was it always this easy to get a private chat with the goblins?" she asked.

Morgana snickered, pushing back the hood of the cloak and removing most of the remaining disguises from her face.

"I mentioned 'great financial importance' in my greeting," she said. "It lets them know that I am urgent and the fact that I spoke to them in their own language can be treated as a sign of respect, and that I am a vampire and is bringing you, the Girl-Who-Lived, along with me should give them quite an idea about how important I am."

Hearing this Raven let out an amused snort, somehow finding it very amusing to hear her future self brag every once on a while.

"I'm sorry to have kept you waiting," a goblin said in English as he entered the room. "I am Account Manager Ragnok. What can I help you with Miss...?"

"Le Fay," Morgana replied with a certain amount of chilliness as her eyes narrowed, as if she was very irritated about something. "Morgana le Fay."

Raven noticed a frown on the goblin's face.

"Can you verify that identity?" Ragnok asked, in Gobbledegook this time, still frowning.

Morgana offered him a finger, her middle finger. Judging from the goblin's startled and rather confused expression he clearly didn't catch the meaning of it. Morgana smirked before offering him her entire left hand, adorned with a ring in green and silver.

"I am Morgana le Fay," she said with a dangerous smile. "The Magical Heir of the one you're familiar with. Her Blood Descendant and Magical Heir as well. And maybe her reincarnation. You are free to test my blood if you like, however I must warn you that it's slightly contaminated..." she paused briefly "Ooor... I could just show you this signet ring?"

Ragnok stared at said ring for a few moments before speaking.

"It appears to be the real one, which has been presumed missing for years," he said, bowing his head. "Have You come to claim Your vaults?"

"Oh, I have come for that alright," Morgana said with a smirk before gesturing at Raven. "But my main purpose here, as I have been requested by my young friend here, is to straighten out some of the supposed... irregularities... in the execution of the Will of one James Potter and one Lily Evans-Potter..."

The goblin frowned at her when the word 'irregularities' came up. Then his eyes narrowed.

"Are you implying that the Will in question was not executed properly, Vampire?" he then asked, still speaking in Gobbledegook.

Morgana stared at him, still smiling.

"I am merely looking into irregularities, irregularities such as why my young friend here was not placed with her Godparents upon the time of her parents' unfortunate demise..." she said. "I am also very curious of how Albus Dumbledore carted her off to live with muggles and thereby depriving her of her magical heritage along with her inheritance. The non-trial of her Godfather Sirius Black also intrigued me and it should certainly intrigue you as well, Mister Goblin ..."

- o0o -

Maybe half an hour later Raven walked out of the selfsame office along with Morgana, once again hooded and under disguise, which earned them quite a few looks as they made their way towards the exit.

"Seeing to the fact that I don't speak that Gobbledegook thing I didn't really catch what you were talking about in there..." Raven said. "I did however catch onto the fact that he looked like he was about to kill you somewhere in the middle..."

Morgana suppressed a snicker.

"Oh, he was holding himself back alright, especially when I got to the part with the treaty... However, things went according to my will anyway and he won't be causing problem again if he knows what's good for him..."

"Blackmail?" Raven quietly asked.

"Not really," Morgana replied as she swept out of the doors. "It was more like shoving a treaty in his face, pointing out where and how it had been breached and then pointing out how you would be compensated for it..."

Raven blinked.

"Compensated? How?"

"Later..." Morgana said. "We need to pick up Old Paddy so we can get back to hunting again."

- o0o -

Freeing a potentially dangerous criminal from a supposedly inescapable prison had to be one of the more amusing events in Raven's life, as she and Morgana had done so without getting caught in the act and wreaking a havoc at the same time. As it turned out, these Dementors or whatever they were called, were really weak against something Morgana referred to as Patronus Fire, which was empowered by a memory where the caster found endless delight in another's misfortune. Unlike an ordinary Patronus it didn't just drive the vile creatures away either; it toasted them, it was as simple as that.

- o0o -

Having gotten away all in one piece they went to number 12 Grimmauld Place and filled in the escaped convict on their plans for the nearest future, all while the Wizard world was flourishing with rumors about the daring escape. It didn't take a lot of persuasion for Sirius to take up his position as Head of the Blacks and promptly annul Bellatrix marriage to that Lestranger guy all while he disowned her, thus the vault in which she had left the Cup of Helga Hufflepuff was now the property of one Sirius Black. Getting a hold of the Cup from there was a piece of cake and after some fighting with the

house elf in Grimmauld Place they had gotten their hands on the Locket of Salazar Slytherin as well.

Things were going pretty smoothly and Sirius wasn't late to assist once he figured out what they were doing.

Putting their acquired objects on the table Morgana leaned backwards in the chair with a contented sigh.

"Right... We've got the Gaunt Ring aka the Resurrection Stone, the Cup of Helga Hufflepuff, Rowena Rawenclaw's diadem and the Locket of Salazar Slytherin..." she said, retaining a count on her fingers. "That leaves us with the Diary of Tom Riddle, Nagini the Snake and... you."

Raven gave the items on the table a calculating look.

"So what do we do with them?" she asked.

Morgana didn't hesitate for even a second, "Burn them."

When there was nothing but a pile of ash left of the items Morgana spoke up again.

"In this world there are three known things which can destroy a horcrux; basilisk venom, Fiendfyre and Hellfire..." she said. "The fire you use happen to be the latter. I named it myself actually. It purifies everything and reduces it to ashes..."

Raven pointed to herself, "Then how come I, who also happens to be a horcrux, just don't spontaneously combust into flames?"

"You aren't idiotic enough to set yourself on fire, are you?" Morgana lazily asked. "Besides, the fire usually erupts from your palms and not from your head, so there's no need to fret as long as you don't do anything too stupid... Regardless, we'll save you for last and consequently make Voldemort kill himself while he's at it... though I seriously doubt he would actually be stupid enough to do that..."

"Never underestimate the stupidity of thy enemies," Raven said with a smirk.

"Never underestimate the stupidity of thy allies," Morgana replied with a yawn. "Voldemort has probably noticed by now that something or someone is hunting down and destroying his toys, so it isn't very likely that we'll be able to catch him off guard anymore... Nonetheless, seeing that he is still in spirit form and as far as we know not in contact with his precious Death Eaters then I bet that things will still go like last time, meaning that Riddle's Diary will be at Hogwarts this year and all that stuff... which is very good for us..."

Sirius, or rather Padfoot since he was in his dog form, looked from one to the other before wagging his tail in a very doglike fashion.

"So..." Raven said after a brief silence had settled itself between them. "It's still just July, I am officially missing and you have officially kidnapped me. What will we be doing until September the 1st, Morgan?"

Morgana appeared to be studying the piles of ashes before her.

"Since getting to Nagini is out of the question I was thinking about wrecking havoc in court..."

"About what?" Raven asked, raising an eyebrow.

"About a lot of things..." Morgana said with an almost dreamy voice. "About the non-trial of your Godfather, about you getting placed with the Dursleys, about Peter Pettigrew being a Death Eater... I could get a lot of people in trouble with all the dirt I'm aware of..."

"And where's the fun in settling things in court?" Raven asked. "With all the illegal stuff we've been entertaining us with lately it'll just get us into trouble seeing that the government along with the court is corrupt... Besides, seeing that you are a vampire and therefore technically a nonhuman it will get us nowhere."

"Fine then..." Morgana said with very friendly smile. "We'll wait with the legal part until you're of age. Then I want you to sue them."

"No problems..." Raven replied, adding it to her to-do-list. "Still, should I give some nice exclusive interview and throw some dirt in Bumblebee's direction?"

"Excellent idea," Morgana said, snapping her fingers. "I know just who to ask."

- o0o -

Rita Skeeter, reporter to the Daily Prophet and correspondent to the Witch Weekly, honestly couldn't believe her luck. She was currently sitting inside The Hog's Head, at the opposite of one Raven Potter wearing a light disguise, who was reported missing and possibly kidnapped, and still sat there right in front of her with an expression which was unnervingly friendly. At the side of the esteemed savior of the Wizard world was one masked and cloaked individual who hadn't spoken a word during the entire interview.

Leaning forward Rita pulled out a Quick-Quotes Quill and a piece of parchment, trying her best not to look too desperate.

"Miss Potter... Would you care to say that again?"

- o0o -

Review? ^^

## Riddle Me This, Riddle Me That

- o0o -

It was in the evening of July the 13th when this humble reporter Rita Skeeter was called to meet with the esteemed Girl-Who-Lived, young Miss Raven Potter, the savior of the Wizarding World, because she felt like there was a need to clear up the certainly misfortunate misunderstanding that she would have gone missing or that she would have been kidnapped. As it turns out, the Girl-Who-Lived merely wanted to take a vacation with a friend of hers without getting tailed, hence her sudden departure, and when she was asked about this she merely laughed and said the following thing:

"I am generally a very private person, so I don't look all too kindly at things when I am suddenly being put under surveillance without reason..." pausing briefly, young Miss Potter turned her attention to the deck of cards before her "...I felt a certain need to get away from everything I guess; after all, I'm the one who's being forced to spend my summer among magic hating muggles due to control-loving old coots and bureaucracy, being virtually isolated from the Magical World for the entire summer, so of course I'm not in my best mood at the moment. After all, where I go when I'm not in school should be no one's business but my own, so I am not very happy with the fact that I get reported missing as soon as I go on a trip with a friend... And no, I was in fact not at all kidnapped by the forces of darkness or evil or whatever you people were rambling about just days ago. So basically I have one message for you all, old lemon-drop-loving coots with twinkling eyes especially; I don't like being spied on while I'm in school, but please, leave me the Hell alone when I'm not or I'll curse you all into oblivion. Seriously, you people need to get a hobby, one besides stalking me of course. Oh, and old man, just for the record, if you've been screening my mail I will definitely drop off the face of the earth, just so you know. I think that's about it. Now, it was nice chatting with you Rita, but I have a portkey to catch. See you later."

And with that Raven Potter and her mysterious companion got up and left the pub. She looked like she was in a very good health after getting all that off her chest as I went off to investigate some on my own, regarding the claims our esteemed Girl-Who-Lived has made about Albus Dumbledore meddling in her private affairs. For more about what I managed to find out, see page four.

- o0o -

Raven finished reading the article and a satisfied smile adorned her lips as she was sitting inside the Leaky Cauldron like she owned the place.

"Destroying the Supreme Mugwump's credibility; Phase one complete."

"Initiating Plan B, beginning Phase two of Operation Screw Everyone..." Morgana replied from a bit further away where she sat while shuffling a deck of cards. "Are we having fun yet?"

Raven's smile widened to a grin.

"Hell yeah."

- o0o -

Dumbledore had been getting noisy lately, sending letters demanding that she would return to her guardians and all that stuff, but she merely sent back a note with Hedwig which said the following:

To whom it may concern,

Regarding these utterly ridiculous claims that I "must return to the Dursleys as it is the only safe place" for me, I would seriously like to object, seeing that I've suffered both neglect and abuse in that household.

Safe, my ass; I would probably be safer in the living room of Voldemort than I would be with the Dursleys.

But really, since no one bothered helping me out before I decided to help myself out.

Oh, and I do know you're spying on me again. Just for the record, in case you decide to try and kidnap me or anything of the sort, then the Dark Lord will be the least of your worries...

- Raven Potter, the Girl-Who-Lived-To-Defy-You

- o0o -

Raven turned the page, looking fairly amused. It was just too bad that she wouldn't be able to see the face of the old coot when he read it. Just simply too bad.

It was at this moment that the Minister of Magic himself, Cornelius Fudge, walked through the door, accompanied by probably a dozen Aurors. Now, Raven had been clearly warned about the Cupcake and his associates, but somehow she really just couldn't let this opportunity slip by, since Morgana had already taken the opportunity to slip away and disappear into the shadows without being seen.

"Hi."

- o0o -

"I'm going to be completely honest with you, Sir..." Raven said as she sat across the table from the Minister in a private room in the back with the Aurors guarding the door. "What I said in the article, I mean every single word of it. Every. Single. Word."

"Still..." Fudge insisted in his pompous I-know-better-than-you way. "You are underage and therefore your guardians..."

"They're muggles, Sir..." Raven insisted. "Magic-hating muggles."

"But your Magical Guardian..."

"I don't know how Dumbledore ended up being my Magical Guardian, but I'm definitely not accepting it," Raven snapped. "He's the person who is solemnly responsible for ten years of suffering on my part. He's the very person who sent me off to live with muggles, who denied me my heritage and my inheritance..."

She paused briefly, seeing how Fudge's eyes lit up when she mentioned 'inheritance'.

"I think I'm old enough to make my own decisions by now. I am not a child, contrary to what everybody thinks, since my so called childhood forced me to grow up early. When I take my place as a

citizen in our society I want to take it as a free person, not one who has been indoctrinated by Dumbledore into some tragic heroine... He's getting delusional, Sir; it's only a question of time when he starts rambling about that You-Know-Who has returned while he is secretly plotting to seize power..."

The Minister blinked sheepishly, "He is?"

Raven switched to the I'm-just-an-innocent-child look before staring at the table.

"He is..." she said in a barely audible voice, looking around warily. "I heard Professor Quirrell found out about it and went missing..."

Fudge listened with great interest to her and Raven knew her plan was working like a charm. After she had finished he sighed deeply, looking very concerned.

"Still, with a crazy person like Black on the run I can't let you stay here alone..." he said. "I can arrange a room at the Leaky Cauldron for you, in case you don't want to go back to your guardians..."

"Thank you..." Raven said, keeping up the façade and keeping her eyes on the table. "I would appreciate that..." she looked up at him with a timid smile "I'm glad that at least the Minister is being concerned about my wellbeing..."

- o0o -

"I see that you played him like a fiddle," Morgana said as she flew inside Raven's room in the Leaky Cauldron through an open window and transformed back into a human. "I couldn't have done a much more convincing act myself."

"Did you get my stuff?" Raven asked with a yawn.

"Of course I did, Little Pyro..." Morgana replied as she pulled something out of her pocket, placed it on the floor and un-shrunk it. "Your coffer, your owl..." a scruffy white owl in a bad mood was dumped on the table "The key to your vault..." a small golden key fell onto the table, "Was that all?"

Raven raised an eyebrow.

"How the Hell did you get a hold of my key?" she asked, disbelievingly. "I thought..."

"The pockets of Hagrid are very very deep..." was the muttered reply. "You don't want to know what else I found in there..."

Raven shrugged her shoulders.

"I'm not going to ask about that..." she said.

- oOo -

Lord Voldemort stood in some room, laughing like your average lunatic while showering the occupants of the room with green light. Then he made his way towards the crib at the far end of the room, but not after flinging a killing curse at a redheaded woman who attempted to stand in his way. Bending down, the Dark Lord glared at the one prophesized to destroy him with his red eyes filled with both malice and mirth.

"So you, you petty little child... will be the one to destroy me?" he asked the baby girl who was watching him warily with a pair of eerily green eyes. "Yeah right..."

The baby continued to stare at him for several seconds before adapting a facial expression oddly reminiscent of a pout, which caused the Dark Lord's eyes to narrow to slits.

"Do you honestly believe that cuteness would be able to destroy me, child?"

In response, the green eyes watching him narrowed as well and the pout transformed into something which reminded the Dark Lord awfully of a smirk.

"Hello Daddy."

Lord Voldemort stared at the child, believing his mind to be playing tricks on him.

"I'm not your father," he then growled. "I killed your parents and I'm about to kill you, all because of some prophecy saying that you're

going to be the one to... Why am I explaining myself to a mere child, a bloody toddler nonetheless?"

Said toddler chose the right moment to flip him off, a deed which led said Dark Lord into a rage as he whipped out his wand and pointed it towards the child, which didn't seem to faze her one bit.

"Just die already! Avada Kedavra!"

Green light exploded in the room and the shrill laughter of a child could be heard, even if later accounts described it as the evil laughter of a megalomaniac calling himself Lord Voldemort who apparently bitten the dust on that night.

Then the child lived happily for five minutes before being left at her aunt's doorstep by some old manipulative coot, to spend the next couple of years in a life of misery.

- o0o -

Green eyes shot open to stare at the first thing that came into view, namely a black raven which appeared to be sitting on her bedside table.

"You were laughing in your sleep again," it said while tilting its head to the side. "It was getting quite unnerving."

Raven stared at the bird for a couple of seconds before finally managing to place it in her mind.

"Morgana," she said, rolling over to the side. "Have you been watching me sleep again?"

"I have not," the raven replied as it took off into the air, settling upon the windowsill at the other end of the room. "One doesn't need eyes to hear the manic laughter coming from you. What the Hell were you dreaming about anyway?"

Raven blinked tiredly before sitting up with a great amount of effort and pushing the blankets aside, "Aren't you supposed to know that?"

"Your dreams and opinions are your own," Morgana replied. "Now get your gear together so that we can eat breakfast and get going."

"Going where?" Raven asked, still rubbing the sleep out of her eyes.

"Out," Morgana replied while scavenging through the coffer, apparently looking for something.

"Please elaborate," Raven said, finally getting out of bed.

In reply Morgana flung the Book at her. "Page 235."

Raven flipped it open and started reading said page, her eyebrows rising considerably. "And that is?" she asked, looking up at the raven.

"Page 237."

Raven flipped the page and continued reading for a few moments before she once again looked up at her future counterpart.

"Why polyjuice?"

"It'll come in handy."

- o0o -

Fifteen minutes later a cloaked Raven Potter stepped out into Diagon Alley with a raven perched on her shoulder, carefully surveying the area. It was still pretty early in the morning, so most of the stores hadn't opened yet, hence there were so few people walking around. Wasting no time dallying around she walked through the street in a swift stride in the direction of the snow-white building which was Gringotts Wizarding Bank. Right before reaching it though she took a turn to the right into a dark side alley where she casually strolled off in the direction of Knockturn Alley and soon enough the one accompanying her was not a raven, but another cloaked person walking beside her.

"Where to?" she asked, not bothering to look at her companion.

"Borgin & Burkes," her companion replied. "Where else?"

"For what?" Raven question, well knowing that they wouldn't be going there to attain polyjuice elixir or its ingredients.

"Who knows really?" Morgana replied with a careless shrug. "A skull, a cursed necklace, human bones, a hangman's rope, some evil-looking masks... one never actually know whether one will be able to find something really useful there every once in a while..."

Raven frowned lightly.

"If you want a skull or human bones, go rob a graveyard," she said. "If you want a cursed necklace, buy an ordinary one and curse it yourself. An ordinary rope will become a hangman's rope if you hang someone in it and evil-looking masks can be found anywhere."

"Alas, my friend," Morgana said with a sigh. "You have yet to realize the greatness of this dark alley and its many secrets. This, my young friend, is the backside of the world we live in, where the things which are not compatible with our spotless façade are shoved into dark corners such as this one. It is here that one should look for the things that are forbidden in the places where the light resides... hence this is the place where anything remotely useful can be found or acquired, to the right price of course..."

Raven laid eyes on a street vendor selling human fingernails a bit further ahead.

"Shady business," she concluded.

"Shady business indeed," Morgana replied while steering her in the direction of one of the shops.

- o0o -

Two hours later Raven, in the guise of her alter-ego Darcie le Fay, could be found along with her supposed mentor Morgana le Fay inside a pub in the area close to Knockturn Alley. They were playing cards with some other cloaked person, male and presumably vampire, while betting a total of eleven vials of blood they had acquired in their shopping spree (along with two evil-looking masks, a rope which appeared to be alive and tried to strangle people, one serious arsenal of potion's ingredients among a few other things, all of which they had no intention of betting). The presumed vampire on the other hand was betting an incredibly rare book Morgana looked quite intent on having (hence the reason she was dead serious in winning this). Besides, it had to do with some amount of pride as

well, seeing to the fact that their opponent had never played Go Fish before.

- o0o -

Another hour and a half later Morgana and Darcie le Fay emerged victorious from the pub and started heading back to Diagon Alley, but not before making a visit to Gringotts Wizarding Bank to have another chat with the goblins, who didn't look all too thrilled at seeing them again.

Nevertheless, their expressions took another turn when they were suddenly presented with one tome a few of them were certainly ready to kill in order to obtain. It was then that Morgana, in all her courtesy, explained that she would be thrilled to let the goblins 'borrow' the book from her, in exchange for helping her with some legal issues related to some property. Some property named Avalon, located somewhere off the coast of England.

Darcie snickered at this, remembering the passage in the Book which depicted her then seventeen-year-old future self undergoing a similar process to the one she was seeing now, as Morgana was aiming to 'reclaim' her past and future dwelling place... the one she had been/would be using as a base in the upcoming war between her, Voldie and Bumblebee.

- o0o -

After having left Gringotts Darcie returned to her identity as Raven Potter and went back to the Leaky Cauldron while Morgana went off to drop by the Grimmauld Place to fetch Sirius, seeing to the fact that said animagus wasn't very likely to enjoy being left alone in that house with only a deranged house elf for company. As it turned out, Sirius was more than happy to accompany Morgana back to the Leaky Cauldron as Padfoot.

The better part of the evening was spent drawing maps and making plans on what tactics to use (it was more like Morgana explaining the tactics she would use, Raven nodding but not really listening, Hedwig making a disgruntled noise and Padfoot yawning through it all).

- o0o -

Raven arrived rather inconspicuously at Kings Cross Platform 9  $\frac{3}{4}$  along with a small delegation consisting of one black dog walking by her side, one none-too-friendly white owl in a cage and one raven, perched on her shoulder and looking around with keen eyes. Needless to say, Raven herself felt like she was almost bringing along her own personal zoo, even if it just happened to be her clever accomplices in disguise.

There would surely be questions about the dog and probably about the additional raven on her shoulder as well, but Raven had at least two believable excuses ready; one of them being that she would simply tell them that she was a helpless animal lover and couldn't leave these poor ownerless animals to their fates and the other being that a dear friend of hers had entrusted her with the animals and that she had promised to care for them, regardless of what the rules said. Besides, as far as Raven could remember the letter she had received in the first year only stated that "Students may also bring an owl OR a cat OR a toad", and even so she had seen other pets than these, such as a rat and some sort of spider, hence since there were already exceptions to the rules Raven saw no reason to refrain from bending the rules some more.

Even if Raven wasn't allowed more than one pet at school there was no rule saying that she couldn't bring more of them along on the train; besides, it wasn't like Morgana or Padfoot would mind much at being dropped off at the station to fend for themselves, in Hogmeade or its nearby surroundings or in the Forbidden Forest.

She had arrived pretty early at the platform, so it had yet to become too crowded; it was still crowded enough for her to make great haste when it came to getting herself and her additional luggage (her coffer was already shrunk inside her pocket, so she only had to drag around Hedwig's cage and her two animagi companions) onto the train before she started looking for a train compartment looking remotely empty. Raven didn't find an empty one, but the pale girl with dirty blond hair who reading a newspaper upside down didn't look all too annoying, so she decided to take a seat at her opposite, putting down Hedwig's cage on one side as Padfoot jumped up on the seat next to her, laid down and deposited his head onto her lap (it annoyed her at first, but since he was her godfather and would testament a fortune to her in the future she tolerated it and started

patting his head in an absentminded manner with one hand while holding a book with the other and reading it).

A pair of silvery grey eyes looked up at her for a moment. Raven noticed the look and was surprised that she for once didn't mind being stared at by this individual.

"First year?" she asked, sounding disinterested.

"Yes," the blond girl replied somewhat dreamily. "I'm Luna."

"Darcie," Raven said, still sounding quite disinterested as she continued reading. "Or Raven. It kind of depends on what mood I'm in."

Luna didn't say much for a long while. Then she suddenly spoke up, her voice still somewhat dreamy, "Have you ever heard about the Crumple-Horned Snorkack?"

Raven looked up from her book, casting a sideways glance at Morgana, who nodded.

"I haven't, unfortunately," Raven said, flipping the pages in the Book to the chapter featuring explanations on various magical creatures her future self knew of and had encountered. "I do know about the Heliopaths though..."

Heliopaths were supposedly some sort of fire spirits who liked to burn stuff... sort of like Raven herself really. Maybe the Quibbler (the newspaper this Luna-person appeared to be reading) wasn't such a piece of trash after all, especially when compared to another far more respected piece of trash called the Daily Prophet.

Tilting her head to the side, Raven finally came to the conclusion that she really needed to get at least one newspaper subscription.

Consider it done.

Blinking with surprise Raven looked up briefly before casting an almost accusing look at the raven next to her. Her eyebrow twitched lightly.

I thought you said I wouldn't be bothered by voices anymore, Morgana.

I can't recall saying that actually... Besides, this counts as telepathy.

- o0o -

"There you are," one bushy-haired Hermione Granger said as she pushed the door up to their compartment. "Darcie..." she continued, growling. "Mind telling me where the Hell you've been all summer?"

Shrugging her shoulders Darcie/Raven replied "I was out... somewhere..." she paused briefly to glance out the window with a disinterested look on her face "I can't remember where I was exactly or with whom exactly, but I do know it involved a lot of card games..."

Hermione scowled at her.

"I heard you were kidnapped... or ran off or whatever," she said, going into ranting mode. "Honestly, what the Hell were you thinking?"

Raven glanced at her for a moment before looking out the window again, noting that Luna was observing their interaction with clear interest.

"Nothing much as far as I can recall," Raven finally replied as she continued petting the head of her so called dogfather. "Besides, I was really bored..."

- o0o -

Raven Potter was bored, even more bored than usual, sitting through a questioning/outright interrogation courtesy of Dumbledore, who kept offering candy all the time, and McGonagall who was glaring at her like she was the Anti-Christ or something. Snape was also around, standing there with his usual sneer, directed at Dumbledore for wasting "his precious time" on a matter as pointless as this one.

Oh well, at least Morgana and Paddy had left the train before the ruckus started; explaining their presence could've been increasingly

difficult, especially with the Wizard Almighty Supreme Mugwump of Whatever bestowing... well, pretty much house arrest on the innocent... okay, not so innocent... witch going by the name of Raven Potter. Said Wizard Almighty Supreme Mugwump of Whatever still didn't get the hint when Raven pointed out a couple of things...

One; the Headmaster of a School didn't have any business to what a student did outside of school.

Two; said Headmaster should have no business in handing out punishment for stuff committed during this time.

Three; said Headmaster should consider not putting his abnormally long nose into other people's business unless he wanted her to file a wizarding equivalent of the restraining order.

Needless to say, Dumbledore was not awfully impressed, but he awarded her a great amount of detentions for her blatant lack of respect for his authority.

Meddlesome git.

Nevertheless, there was still this whole business with the dementors running around and searching for Sirius Black, the infamous deranged criminal who everyone thought was after her blood. Raven was not worried for her godfather's safety though, not at all really. She wasn't particularly worried about the dementors either, knowing how to get rid of them and all; fire and lots of it.

Raven absentmindedly wondered whether the same method could be used with Dumbledork, or pretty much anyone for that matter, but then she remembered that she'd promised Morgana that honor, so she shifted her attention elsewhere, namely towards Fawkes, Dumbledork's pet flaming flamingo, which appeared to be quite interested in her.

Merely interested or having taken a liking to her, which one she knew not. If it was the latter, then maybe she could make the bird an accomplice or something, but probably not since phoenixes didn't swing that way as far as she was aware.

- oOo -

Once she had finally been liberated from the cell that was the Headmaster's office Raven took off in a random direction, wondering what to occupy herself with to reduce some of the boredom she had suffered at the hands of the old coot.

Raven soon found herself in a corridor she had already passed at least two times already and she uttered a random thought which appeared inside her skull.

"I want a way out."

And like magic (this was a school of magic after all so no one was even remotely surprised), a door appeared before her. Raven stared at it for a few moments before shrugging and pulling out the Book, looking for a passage mentioning said phenomenon to determine its usefulness. She slammed the Book shut and put it back into her satchel.

Well, well, well... The Room of Requirement indeed...

- oOo -

Raven was slightly surprised with the fact that the Room of Requirement had turned out to be a room of many ways out in shapes of numerous doors, all leading to different locations.

One of these locations happened to be a library, containing some very interesting books, among them one titled Dark Arts for Dummies, a book which Raven actually found herself reading.

It was quite interesting actually. It revealed the fact that these so called Dark Arts caused the mental state to deteriorate for the person using it, not that such a fact put her off much seeing to the fact that she didn't consider herself as much of a person for sanity from the start.

Besides, sanity was overrated when it came to magic. After all, as it seemed you apparently had to be just a tad crazy to harbor great magical powers. Just look at Dumbledore and Voldemort: Insane to the very core.

Contemplating the thought further Raven concluded a number of interesting things about the Wizarding world in general. Then she forgot about them almost immediately since it seemed like a somewhat pointless thing to keep them in mind.

- oOo -

An unknown number of hours later Raven emerged from the Room of Requirement, once again feeling a bit bored with the world in general as she stalked down the corridors in direction of the dungeons, skillfully avoiding the nightly patrols on the way.

- oOo -

The weeks and months that followed turned out as usual, quite uninteresting, besides the observations of fleeing spiders, dying roosters and people getting attacked in the school corridors because the Chamber of Secrets had been opened (more like reopened, since Raven and Morgana had been hanging out down there the year before).

Raven, once again stalking down the dark corridors as many times before, had finally gotten tired of the whole hype surrounding her being the Heiress of Slytherin (it was pleasant that they feared her, but it was hard to sneak around unnoticed when everyone either glared hatefully at her or ran screaming down the corridor at the sight of her). So, she decided to resolve the matter once and for all. Now where the Hell was Morgana?

"I'm right over here, you dumbass," said vampire in the shape of a raven replied before flying off to settle itself on her shoulder.

"I don't appreciate being called a dumbass, but what the Hell..." Raven said with a light shrug. "So, are we going to issue Operation Retrieve Diary or not?"

"That depends," Morgana replied. "Do we... or rather you in this case, want to meet with icky Riddlekins or not?"

"That depends... is he even remotely good-looking?"

"He isn't ugly in case that's what you're asking, unlike his future counterpart."

"Oh... okay then."

- o0o -

Maybe four hours later Raven Potter stood down there in the Chamber of Secrets, face to face with the very much corporal Tom Riddle standing upon the prone remains/body of the redheaded Ginny Weasley.

"Lord Voldemort is my past, my present and my future, little girl."

Raven's eyebrow twitched.

"Am I supposed to be impressed now or just bored?" she then asked, tilting her head to the side.

Riddle looked clearly offended by her question, which only made her much more eager to continue.

"Come on..." Raven continued, giving him an odd look. "You discarded a perfectly cool name like Tom Marvolo Riddle for a name like Lord Voldemort. Are you stupid or something?"

"... Just for that remark, I'm going to kill you," Riddle stated, whipping out a wand, probably belonging to young Miss Weasley.

Raven gave the stick an unimpressed look.

"Fat chance," she said. "I mean come on... Your future self couldn't beat me when I was like one year old... Why would you be able to do it?"

Tom Riddle flashed her a smirk, keeping his wand trained on her.

"Because if you attack me, you'll kill Ginny Weasley."

Raven returned the smirk with equal viciousness.

"Do I look like I care, mate?" she said darkly, slowly raising her hands upward. "I'm not a Gryffindor; I'm a Slytherin. For that matter, as long as I have this and this I'll be able to kill you anytime I want..." Snapping her fingers together her fingertips sparked merely

moments before her entire palm was enveloped in flames and her smirk widened to a sinister grin. "See you in Hell, Tom Riddle."

- o0o -

After rather reluctantly having saved the day (more or less) Raven found herself literally mobbed by fans, well-wishers and other human leeches the like. She slammed the door behind her with a bang.

"Never again."

Never again would she save the day, never again would she play the heroine. The aftermath was just too bloody troublesome; Dumbledore was twinkling like mad, the press wrote about her glorified heroic tales and corrupt politicians wanted a piece of her, especially Fudge who wouldn't miss an opportunity to have his picture taken with her and all that jazz. The only really positive thing was that Fudge was at this very moment playing right into her hands, or Morgana's hands perhaps, since a groveling Fudge was easier to manipulate, especially since they needed to convince him to either emancipate Raven or pardon Sirius for their plans to work properly. But on the other hand, maybe it was better for Raven not to be properly recognized as an adult as of yet, in case she would ever have to be tried in court.

Concerning Sirius they still needed to get a hold of Peter Pettigrew, in the shape of Ron's pet rat Scabbers. That didn't sound particularly hard, not if they were swift about it.

And quite swift they were and soon enough Raven Potter stood, holding a stunned rat by its tail, inside the Ministry of Magic. On her face was a surprisingly bright and awfully friendly smile.

"Hi, I found an unregistered animagus. Would anyone be so kind as to check it out for me?"

- o0o -

The next day the newspaper trash sprouted new headlines.

BLACK FRAMED BY PETTIGREW

SIRIUS BLACK INNOCENT

THE LONGAWAITED TRIAL

GODFATHER REVEALED

BLACK APPLIES FOR CUSTODY OF GIRL-WHO-LIVED

And on it went, with Dumbledore as the Supreme Mugwump doing all within his power (legal and illegal) to prevent Sirius from gaining custody.

SUPREME MUGWUMP ACCUSED OF FRAUD

GIRL-WHO-LIVED SPEAKS OUT

A LIFE IN THE CUPBOARD: THE PLOT THICKENS

Dumbles lost the battle for custody and his title as the Supreme Mugwump, but most importantly, he lost his reputation and lay very low in general in order to keep his position as Headmaster.

Many were still loyal to him, but the seed of doubt had been sown.

Now all Raven had to do was make them blossom.

- o0o -

Unfortunately for her though, she didn't get the opportunity to do so, since a convenient time slip sent both her and her future self back in time. They landed in a ditch somewhere in Norway.

- o0o -

Review? ^^

## The Boy Who Lived

- o0o -

"I just knew things were going a bit too smoothly," Morgana announced, fishing up her belongings out of the water. "Oh well, we've got time to make it better I'd say, with an extra pair of hands..."

"Is that so?" Raven replied while drying her hair and clothes off by putting on some heat. "Are we going to include my unsuspecting past self in this as well?"

"Yep," Morgana affirmed with a nod. "But not now since you're currently only about seven or eight... Besides, since Plan B didn't work we need to set Plan C in motion..."

"What was Plan C again?" Raven asked, sounding really tired.

"Plan C stands for Plan Clan," Morgana clarified with a surprising amount of enthusiasm. "We're reestablishing the Le Fays and using our knowledge of different futures we will gain a great amount of money and a great amount of influence... and then we'll take over the world, starting with Britain."

Raven gave her a look of sheer disbelief. "We've just been cast back in time and the first thing on your mind is world domination? Seriously? Have you even thought about the fact that there will technically be three of me running around in the same timeline now?"

"Tut tut," Morgana said, wiggling a finger in her direction. "Once we set Plan C in motion I will officially be registered as Morgana le Fay and you will be registered as Darcie le Fay, hence, there will only be one Raven Potter running around in this timeline after all..."

Raven/Darcie gave her another incredulous look. "You can actually do that?"

"Sure you can," Morgana replied quite happily. "But let's not dwell on details and get indoors as soon as possible, shall we? I am still very sensitive to sunlight after all..."

- o0o -

Securing a position in the wizarding world within a couple of years proved to be surprisingly easy for them though, at least with the correct amount of money and the friendly farce at hand as they invested in quite a few businesses in the wizarding world as well as laid acclaim to the mythical island of Avalon.

Now this, along with a couple of other things, had certainly gotten people talking, more like gossiping actually, although it wasn't like either journalists or the general public had gotten their hands on any information which could actually be considered harmful as of yet. The reliable info that did exist was the one existing in the official records, although the reliability of these could've been questioned and revealed to be false by someone with the least amount of common sense.

Nevertheless, apparently those who did check the records either found the info on them relatively satisfying or went elsewhere to gather more information, as one Supreme Mugwump had apparently done.

The fact that Dumbledore was apparently snooping around already made sure that the Hogwarts acceptance letter which arrived for one Darcie le Fay didn't come as much of a surprise. Reluctantly, Darcie had agreed to it and had recently finished her second year, her main reason for agreeing being the fact that the official Raven Potter would be arriving in September.

- o0o -

Meanwhile, in the not so faraway Surrey the official (and very much male) Raven (officially Harry James Raven) Potter was weeding the garden, as he was usually tasked with in times of summer like this. It was tedious work indeed for only one person and a soon to be eleven-year-old at that, but Raven or rather Harry or Boy (or Freak) as he was usually referred to as by his all too loving and nurturing relatives whose house he was supposedly freeloading in, living in a cramped space beneath the stairs. Now Harry, having lived this way for quite some time, didn't see it as particularly strange anymore, not the act itself at least; the thing he found himself wondering about why his relatives, scared to death of being perceived as anything but normal, would commit acts such as locking him inside a cupboard

and not feeding him for days, acts that were not only criminal but also considered quite... abnormal.

You see, even if this treatment kind of counted as the standard one for him Harry was a quite perceptive, if not to say clever; an idiot could tell that what his relatives did to him was wrong on several levels and Harry had even done a bit of research on the subject of child abuse on one of the computers stationed at the local library, where he spent time to avoid his cousin Dudley, who obviously wanted his punching bag back.

Harry, being as perceptive as he was, had at the age of ten finally realized that he did, as a matter of fact, have certain alternatives in life and certain choices to make.

Alternative number one; he would go on about his life without actually doing anything.

Alternative number two; he would spend his time waiting until he was old enough to sue somebody.

Alternative number three; he would go find an adult that could possibly believe in his story and then get that person to report the Dursleys to the proper authorities.

Alternative number four; he would closely study some books on survival in the wilderness before making a getaway at an opportune moment.

Alternative number five... he hadn't thought that one up yet.

Harry straightened up and looked at his accomplishment in the flowerbeds with a great amount of pride in his eyes; no matter what the conditions were, Harry preferred doing whatever chores he had as properly as possible. Starting properly, finishing properly. A perfectly accomplished mission that no one in their right mind would possibly complain about, although judging by that the Dursleys were obviously not in their right minds, not that Harry was particularly surprised about that.

Keeping a keen eye out for trouble, as he had been trained to do for years, Harry was very well aware of the fact that his cousin's birthday was swiftly approaching, and using several years of

personal experience he swiftly deduced that his Aunt and Uncle would bring Dudley out somewhere to have fun while he would be dumped with the crazy cat lady who lived further down on the street.

Mind you, Harry had nothing against cats in general; he actually liked them quite a bit. It was the lady, one Mrs. Figg, who he honestly couldn't stand. That and the sour smell inside her house... along with the picture albums with nothing but pictures of cats in them. The mere thought of them caused him to shiver.

Having lived with the Dursleys for most of his life since his parents' supposed demise in a car crash when he was one (knowing well that the Dursleys were good-for-nothing liars Harry checked through some old newspaper-clippings, finding no mention whatsoever of any Potters ever being in a car crash in the latest twenty years or so, along with the fact that there were no mentioned car crashes with casualties mentioned in the newspapers around the time Harry was one year old, making it very likely that this "crash" had never really taken place and that his parents had perished in some other way... or perhaps not at all. Maybe they were even alive when it came to that...).

Harry silently contemplated the thought of his parents being alive and well and coming to the Dursleys to pick him up. Fat chance of that. Nevertheless, if his parents did arrive on the Dursleys doorstep, all alive and kicking and eager to have him back, Harry would obviously slam the door into their faces, already having concluded that the reason they hadn't dropped by earlier was because they had left him there at the nonexistent mercy of the Dursleys and just now came back to fetch him at their own convenience.

Being the quite talented young man that he was, Harry James Raven Potter was capable of many things. Unfortunately for the world, forgiveness was not one of them.

To Harry those who betrayed the frail amount of trust he'd placed in them were immediately "Out". He trusted only once and rarely gave others second chances; not that anyone knew about it or anything, since as many other children in a similar situation Harry had learnt to keep his mouth shut about the dirty family secret.

After all, if he wasn't careful then he might even end up being buried beneath the flowerbeds he'd just arranged; Harry wouldn't put it past

that at least his Uncle would be capable of murder with the proper motivation and a decent amount of alcohol in his veins. It was with that in mind that he lived his life as a wallflower, as a shadow few ever took notice to, due to the fact that he walked around in clothes that were way too big for him and that his glasses was broken several times over and only kept together by pieces of tape.

Nevertheless, with every new adult in his immediate surroundings Harry saw it fit to at last drop some hints as to what his home life was like, but to his great disappointment very few of them saw past the façade of a supposed troublemaker and really looked at the scrawny little boy in his cousin's old clothes and broken glasses, behind which a pair of eerily green eyes observed them.

To Harry, these people, these teachers who were supposedly trained in how to act during times like these, either denied or willfully ignored the fact that he wasn't treated very well at home... or at school for that matter, thanks to Dudley, his gang and the major part of its remaining population. Thus, this was the reason pretty much every person at school was marked as an "Out", aka a person whose life and wellbeing mattered very little to him or who'd caused him enough misery for him to be willing to pay to see them squirm.

Oh well, that just had to wait for later. He had some dinner to cook after all. Maybe his Uncle still had some of that rat poison lying around somewhere...

On second thought, the planning of a potential murder attempt could wait; Harry's sixth sense was tingling, indicating that something out of the ordinary would soon occur. Harry just hoped he wouldn't get the blame for it.

- o0o -

Something interesting did occur, appearing as a letter on the mail as a matter of fact, a letter addressed to him, HIM, which ought to be the first freaking time in human history.

Not really knowing whether he should celebrate or not Harry merely settled for hiding the letter beneath the rug, intending to fetch it later, before he made his way into the kitchen to deliver the rest of the mail while Dudley continued counting his thirty or so birthday presents.

Breakfast passed by without any drama out of the ordinary, at least before his aunt Petunia returned to the kitchen, having left for a brief phone call, looking like she had just bitten something sour.

"Mrs. Figg has broken her leg and can't have the Boy over."

Harry looked up, pleasantly surprised although he didn't show it since Uncle Vernon's eyes were on him.

Oh well, Harry inwardly sighed. Trip to the Zoo with the Dursleys and Dudley's nasty friends, here I come...

- o0o -

Harry stared at the large boa constrictor. Said boa constrictor stared back through the glass pane that separated them.

Harry continued the staring contest. So did the snake.

Neither contestant felt like giving up.

Both were already bored to the death already, so why not go on with it?

A sudden noise to his left caused Harry to avert his eyes for a brief moment, making the snake the winner by default. Emerald green eyes scanned his surroundings for a couple of moments, trying to find something out of place or something which had caused the noise, yet finding nothing. Harry turned his attention back to the snake, which was looking surprisingly smug at the moment; who'd even think that a snake could do that.

"That didn't count," Harry finally said. "I lost because of outer interference."

The snake gave him the snake equivalent of an eye roll.

"Sure, whatever... You win this round but..." He hadn't even finished the sentence by the time somebody tackled him from behind, sending him into the hard floor. He looked up, momentarily bewildered, only to find himself staring at nothing but thin air. Getting

up he leaned against the glass briefly for support, only to find that there was no glass there in the first place.

Harry somehow ended up inside the terrarium, having a quite close encounter with the boa constrictor from before.

Although logic and previously acquired knowledge told him that boa constrictors weren't poisonous and preferred using the method of strangulation to kill their prey Harry deliberately screwed every bit of self-respect he had in favor of getting himself out of there.

- oOo -

The aftermath following the "fun" trip to the Zoo resulted in Harry getting locked inside the cupboard for about a week, until he was finally let out in order to do his chores. Grabbing onto this fine opportunity he chose a moment of inattention from his relatives to grab the letter he'd hidden beneath the doormat before dashing off in search of a place where he would be able to read it; honed instincts told him that the letter would likely be taken from him in case the Dursleys ever learnt of its existence, hence he went into a more secluded part of a nearby park before pulling out the envelope and studying it.

It looked old, likely because it was made out of parchment and not normal paper. The text on the envelope was also written in green ink, which was pretty weird. The envelope also appeared to be sealed using a wax seal, imprinting a symbol featuring a lion, an eagle, a snake and a badger.

Harry took a few moments to analyze his discovery.

One, the envelope and likely the letter inside as well were made out of parchment. Old.

Two, the address was written in green ink. Odd.

Three, the address was Harry James Raven Potter, The cupboard under the stairs, Privet Drive number 4, Surrey, England. Interesting and a bit unnerving. Very specific.

He finally opened the envelope, pulling out the letter which was indeed written on parchment and then he started reading it with great interest.

"Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry?" he spoke out loud. "What the Hell?"

- o0o -

"Headmaster: Albus Dumbledore," Harry read in the letter as he sat down inside the local library. "Fanciful name, lots of fancy titles... now what does this fancy guy want with me?"

Order of Merlin, First Class. Grand Sorv-something. Chief Warlock. Supreme Mugwump. International Confederation of Wizards?

The letter sounded like a bad joke of some sort, making it even the more likely that it was indeed authentic. Crap.

"Dear Mister Potter, we are pleased to inform you that you have a place at 'stupid name for a school'," Harry continued, frowning lightly. "A school that I have no memory whatsoever of having applied to in the first place..."

"Please find enclosed a list of all the necessary supplies you will need to complete your first year at Hogwarts," Harry tilted his head to the side. "Wait, wait... whoever said anything about attending?"

"The term begins on 1 September. We await your owl by no later than July 31st," he tilted his head to the other side, his frown deepening. "Hey, hey... what owl? Are these people complete nutters or something?"

Judging by the general outline of the letter he didn't really need to reply to that.

"Yours sincerely, Minerva McGonagall, Deputy Headmistress," he finished, putting the so called 'Acceptance Letter' away and pulling out the so called "List of necessary supplies" and reading it. "... And just where the Hell do you get these in London?"

- o0o -

As the days ticked closer to July 31st, his never-celebrated birthday, Harry found himself growing extremely frustrated with not knowing what the Hell was going on anymore. Magic, wizards, the whole shebang... and, using some logical reasoning, Harry deduced that he obviously had to be one of them... why else would they start bothering him with letters?

Speaking of which, he still needed to send these people and owl or something... now where would he be getting that one? It wasn't like owls were just sitting around waiting to deliver some mail now, was there?

Not knowing what else to do Harry went to gather some real information as he cornered his Aunt in the kitchen, mustering up quite a malicious presence as he kept his eyes nailed at her. Aunt Petunia paled somewhat, especially since she and Harry were alone in the house as Vernon and Dudley had gone out just a few minutes ago.

"Aunt Petunia," Harry said, leveling her with a cold stare as he pulled out his Hogwarts letter. "We need to talk."

- o0o -

Talking to / threatening Petunia brought about some quite interesting results, as the woman cracked completely after a few minutes and started blabbering about one Lily, her sister and Harry's mother, and how much she hated her freakiness and good-for-nothing husband and whatnot, about the school her sister went to (Hogwarts, where else?), how much her parents favored Lily over her, how mean some black-haired boy had been to her, about some place called The Leaky Cauldron on Charing Cross Road in London and so on and so on... Harry stopped listening to her continued ramblings after a while, once he had already gathered the necessary data.

The Leaky Cauldron. Charing Cross Road. Diagon Alley.

Harry grabbed a hold of a ball cap, put it onto his head and pulled up the hood on his parka before swiping some notes and coins for the bus trip to London; it was a reckless action, but on the other hand, who gave a damn about that when he apparently had a secret society of witches and wizards to explore.

Petunia watched him go, silently wondering if he'd ever return. If not, then good riddance.

- o0o -

Finding his way to Charing Cross Road wasn't much of a challenge, but standing there in front of what looked like a tiny pub squeezed in-between a book shop and a record shop, Harry just couldn't help but think that he may have gotten just a little bit in over his head this time around. Nevertheless, just standing around there staring like an idiot at something normal people apparently couldn't see, Harry gathered his courage, pushed his glasses up some and pulled down his cap even further before stepping into it.

His first impression?

Well, the place was obviously quite crowded for being quite dark and shabby-looking. The people who sat by the tables were about as odd-looking as expected, being dressed kind of like the characters one may see in a role-playing game or something.

It was about then that he noticed that there were a lot of eyes resting upon him.

The one standing by the counter, likely the pub owner, smiled toothlessly at him.

"Well, hello, hello, little fella'..." he said in a quite friendly manner. "Are you lost?"

Harry hesitantly opened his mouth to formulate an answer, but before even a word left his lips someone who'd been seated inside the pub got up from their chair and made their way towards him.

"It's about time," a voice, definitely female, spoke. "I was getting tired of waiting for you little brother. Let's go."

Harry nodded a bit numbly, following the heavily cloaked female on the way out. An arm laid almost protectively over his shoulders by the time they both exited the pub and entered what looked like a small courtyard surrounded by a brick wall. The arm on his shoulders retracted as soon as they had made their way outside of

The Leaky Cauldron and Harry shied away, unused to physical contact that weren't directly hurtful.

"Who are you?" he asked, keeping his voice low and under control.

"Who am I?" the female echoed, all while tapping onto the bricks with a pointy stick. "I am whoever I want to be. Who are you?"

"I'm Harry," Harry finally said, deliberately leaving out his surname.

"I thought so, it's a terrible name," the female replied. "From now on, I'll refer to you as Raven, okay? As for me I am known by many names, but you may call me Fay."

Harry stared at her in silence for a few moments, his eyebrows raised, silently contemplating on whether he should ask her anything more or turn around and run for his life. As it appeared, curiosity got the best of him and he opened his mouth to ask more questions.

"Why did you call me 'little brother' back there?"

"Does it matter?"

"Yes."

"Even in a place such as this one it's dangerous for younglings to walk around on their own... Hence I conveniently acknowledged you as my little brother before any other of those dark creatures could lay their hands on you..."

"Any other, as in making you one of these dark creatures?"

"I am, but you need not worry; I won't attack you."

"How can you be so sure of that?"

"Because, it kind of defeats the purpose of helping you out back there, doesn't it?"

"..."

"..."

"What kind of creature are you?"

"Look at my current attire and take a guess."

"Vampire?"

"No shit Sherlock."

The entrance to the Diagon Alley appeared, revealing quite a spectacle.

"Are you coming or not? We don't have all day."

- o0o -

"First stop, the bank."

"Why?"

"You don't have any money on you, right?"

"Not much."

"Besides, muggle money like that won't get you anywhere in this whacko place. Around here we've got stuff like galleons, sickles and knuts... and judging by the look on your face you don't even have your key yet... just great... but I'm feeling quite generous today so I'll fund you."

Hearing this, Harry raised an eyebrow.

"Why?" he asked.

"Because I've recently inherited quite a bit of money and I feel like putting some of it to good use... funding you might even be my best investment..." she answered.

"I don't get it."

"Don't worry. I'll explain it properly afterwards."

- o0o -

Less than half an hour later both of them exited the bank with their pockets way heavier than before and Harry having seen more gold in fifteen minutes than he'd ever seen in his entire life.

"So tell me, Fay," Harry finally said. "What is it that your ancestors did to make you this obscenely rich?"

"Who knows?" Fay replied, sounding quite amused. "But I guess that it might have something to do with the fact that my ancestors were descendants of the mighty King Arthur..."

"No shit."

"...and his half-sister Morgana le Fay."

"Holy crap."

"The son, Mordred, actually managed to conceive at least one child before spinning out of control, killing his own father and dying soon afterwards. And that child, a daughter, apparently continued the line in a similar and quite bloody fashion. Isn't history fun?"

"Your ancestors sound a bit scary."

"Hey, don't say that... You may as well be descended from them as well, you know?" Fay replied, steering him in direction of a store selling wizarding clothing. "Come on Raven, we need to get you out of those muggle abominates... you don't like standing out more than necessary, right?"

- o0o -

Surprisingly enough, Harry, or rather Raven as Fay insisted on calling him, actually found himself enjoying this random shopping trip with a virtual stranger who was also a vampire... who was lending him money... posing as his self-appointed bodyguard and doubling as a guide to this whacko place, which Fay apparently knew in and out... the important parts of it at least.

"It's quite simple really," Fay stated after having set up some privacy wards as they took their seats by a corner table inside The Leaky Cauldron. "As much as I would like to say that the magical folks mainly consist of narrow-minded and prejudiced bigots that's not

really the truth... As a matter of fact, the main part of the magical folk, those inhabiting Britain at least, consists of sheep, utterly naïve, simple-minded and unable to accomplish anything useful without a proper shepherd who makes all their decisions for them so that they won't have to think for themselves... So, the basic theory is: Shepherd + Sheep. Now then there are smaller groups or packs following their respective shepherd, but there are also smaller packs of wolves or stray dogs lurking around among the sheep; let's just refer to them simply as people who believe in the purity of magical blood, aka purebloods, and consequently think they're way better than everybody else. So, putting it in wizarding terms we have pureblood, aka those with most of the cash, half-bloods and so called muggleborn... also referred to as mudbloods by those with a blood-related superiority complex. Now, any questions so far?"

"One," Harry replied. "In terms of blood, what am I?"

"Let's see here..." Fay sounded thoughtful (she probably looked thoughtful as well, but her cloaked self revealed very little about facial expressions, or much else for that matter). "Potter and Evans, huh? Pureblood father plus muggleborn mother equals half-blood."

"Is that a good thing?" Harry asked.

"It kind of depends on how you see it, I suppose..." Fay replied with a shrug. "Some inbred pureblood bigots may look down on you because of that..."

"...But then I'll just tell them that at least I have some fresh blood in my veins for a change, right?" Harry filled in with a rare smile.

"... For a kid, you are surprisingly coherent," Fay chuckled. "I think I've taken a liking to you."

"As long as you don't try to take a bite out of me I'm fine with it," Harry said, struggling to keep his face straight. "I think I like you a little bit right now as well."

"Just a little? After all I've done. That's pretty mean," Fay said, feigning seriousness but obviously failing to be convincing.

"Well... I have a habit of being wary of strangers, especially those who help me out without providing a proper explanation of why, so don't take it personal."

"I won't," Fay said with a smile. "Us vampires have long lives, but our memories are really nothing to brag with... I usually do a cleanup every hundred years or so and throw away the unimportant ones... If you don't then you go nuts after a while..."

"I understand," Harry finally said. "But, if you don't mind me asking, how exactly do you 'throw out' a memory?"

"It's really easy you know," Fay continued raising one gloved finger. "There are actually two ways. The first one is basically picking out the memories you don't want, loosening them from the others and compressing them into smaller pieces that can either be suppressed or exterminated..." she paused briefly, raising another finger. "The second one is basically dragging your memory straight out of your head and depositing into a bowl or some other convenient storing place. Simple. The memory can then be viewed if you put it inside a... what-are-they-called-again... Pensieve or something maybe? Whatever, it's like a big bowl or something... I haven't seen mine in a while."

"Sounds to me like you don't keep your stuff in order..." Harry muttered, looking at his wristwatch.

"Nah, my little sidekick's been quite lazy lately..." Fay replied with a small shrug. "A clever girl... with quite a temperament. She's a Hogwarts student too, you know. A third year if my memory can be trusted... and a Slytherin to the boot... Honestly, with the studious attitude she sported two years ago I actually thought she'd end up in Ravenclaw... I couldn't stay around the keep when she started throwing fireballs around the place..."

Harry raised an eyebrow.

"Fireballs?"

- oOo -

When Harry arrived by bus at the Dursleys that evening, little had changed in Little Whinging during the hours that he'd been gone. On

the outside at least, but even he could feel the tension rising as he slowly approached the house wearing a pair of newly acquired sneakers, dressed in a pair of newly bought clothes (that actually fit him), with the cap still on his head and his newly acquired satchel hanging onto his shoulder. Fay had tinkered with it for a few moments before she'd let him have it, which was likely the reason you were now able to put a ridiculously huge amount in it without making it particularly heavy or full. Said satchel currently housed his newly acquired coffer (which Fay had insisted on shrinking beforehand since it couldn't fit into the bag in its original size), his robes and books along with his other school supplies. While inside the bag the stuff he'd put there was small enough to be grabbed with one hand, but everything but the coffer immediately returned to original size when removed from the bag.

This is magic, Harry silently contemplated. Just this morning I didn't even have an intention to go to that school, but now I'm suddenly back with all necessary supplies along with a lot else...

It felt quite weird for him, to be completely honest, to just having entered a completely unfamiliar world just earlier that day and having exited it just hours later with his head swirling by all the information he had taken in.

His parents, dead and thereby worthless to him at the moment, had been magical folks. They had not died in a car crash, which he had kind of figured out already, but had in fact been murdered by some Dark Lord named Volde-something... The same Dark Lord who he had supposedly beaten at the age of one, hence the reason why magical people referred to him as the Boy-Who-Lived (after all, he wasn't supposed to live, right?) and idolized him as some kind of modern Messiah (Fay had shown him some of the Harry Potter franchise that were still on the market; he'd be having nightmares about that one for quite some time).

Overall it was astoundingly clear to Harry that he would soon be entering a world where people had a lot of expectations on him, how he should look, how he should act and so on and Harry, finding himself quite far from the idolized image of him that was worshipped in this The-Boy-Who-Lived-nonsense, had already started thinking about how he best could present himself to this new awkward place without either making a fool out of himself or making more enemies than he could manage. That and find a way for potential fans to stay

clear of him. The last thing he needed was having maybe a dozen persistent parasite hanging after him, either too busy adoring him or trying to get their own five minutes of fame to notice the fact that he, as a matter of principle, detested parasites.

In case he actually managed to find people who'd see past the whole Boy Who Lived crap and make acquaintance with the real him then he would likely attempt to make friends with them, although he had no intention whatsoever of trusting them entirely even after that. It was the fact that he was even intending to give it a shot that surprised him greatly; he'd tried making friends before and look how that ended, with Dudley and his gang making sure to make life hell for anyone who tried getting friendly with him. To say the least, few attempts were ever made and those who tried once never tried again. But nowadays Harry actually found himself just a tiny bit thankful for that, since his experience in kindergarten and at school had helped him piece together an understanding of how both children and adults thought and behaved in various situations. An amateurish study in human behavior, he sometimes called it.

Harry already knew pretty much how the Dursleys worked after having lived under the same roof pretty much all his life, hence he was pretty knowledgeable as to what made them tick and so on, yet he had to admit that he was quite surprised at the subdued behavior Petunia showed when she met him by the door, informing him that he could use Dudley's second bedroom from now on and could start moving his stuff there, along with the words that there would be a slight reduce in his daily chores. Harry had to use all his self-control not to stare dumbly at her, finding the change both pleasant and greatly disturbing.

He could only hope that it held on for a while.

- o0o -

It was the 30th of July. One more day to go before his eleventh birthday. Not that he really gave a damn about his birthday; it was the deadline for his reply to the acceptance letter that just happened to be then. As stated in the letter, they awaited his owl no later than the 31st.

Well... I kind of forgot to get an owl... what do I do now?

He swiftly made a list of other possible alternatives before eliminating them one after one.

I wonder if I can just send it there the normal way...

Nah, probably not. Harry doubted that the British Postal Service would be able to do it. That, and that stuff concerning the Statue of Secrecy or something that he'd read about.

So, he had a problem. Now all he needed was a solution to this problem.

As he stood there in his newly acquired room, trying to find the solution, he didn't notice immediately when a black bird appeared outside his window. Hell, he didn't even notice it until it started demanding entrance by pecking at the glass.

Not really knowing why he did it Harry let it in, where it immediately flew onto his bedside table before presenting him with something which appeared to be tied around its leg...

A letter?

He carefully approached the bird, untying the folded piece of paper before unfolding it and reading it while the raven started preening its feathers.

Yo, Raven. I just remembered that I forgot to remind you about the whole owl thing (personally, I rarely use owls... we've never really gotten along so to say), so I sent Ravenna over to help you out. As long as you're not intending on sending anything too heavy she should suffice.

Take good care of her (I'll have your head if you don't). Oh, and don't forget to take care of yourself as well (In case I ever need a blood donor, I'd much rather have a healthy one).

Have an interesting and possibly life-threatening year at Hogwarts, don't forget to study some (as a mentor I'd be put to shame if you feigned stupidity) and remember never to look twinkling old men in the eye... especially not if they seriously lack fashion sense and have a ridiculous name. You just have to trust me on this one.

- Fay

P.S. Don't forget to ask for your Gringotts key back. It should be in the possession of someone at school or someone at the Ministry. Either way, as the only survivor of the Potters you should have quite an inheritance waiting for you inside some Gringotts vault (maybe not as big as mine, but still big enough to count as a fortune).

P.P.S. Once you've received your key (it should be a small golden one or something like that) I'd recommend a visit to your Account Manager's office at Gringotts and, if needed, a visit to his boss. Ask about the bank statements that have never reached you and if somebody else has withdrawn any money from them. If so, I suggest finding a good lawyer. Not the cheapest and not the most expensive one. Believe me.

Harry looked at the letter for a couple of seconds before seating himself by the desk and formulating replies, both to the school letter and to Fay. Chewing on his quill he thought that maybe at times it was quite fortunate to have a possibly deranged vampire as a self-proclaimed bodyguard and now, by the looks of it, mentor. Did that mean he could unofficially call himself Fay's Apprentice then?

Surprisingly enough, Harry found that it didn't have such a bad ring to it. At least compared to The-Boy-Who-Lived. That title was seriously lame.

- o0o -

Next up was formulating the letter to school. It came out as:

I, Harry James Raven Potter, claim my place at Hogwarts School for Witchcraft and Wizardry.

Now, since I didn't have an owl at my disposal I used a raven instead. I hope you didn't mind.

I have already purchased the necessary supplies for my first year at Hogwarts, however I would very much like to have the key to my Gringotts vault back if possible (it should be small and golden); I've been told that someone at school has it. Hence, I would be grateful to have it back since it rightfully belongs to me.

I'll be seeing you on September the first.

Harry stared at it for a few moments.

That'll do.

- o0o -

The days passed by at a swift pace for Harry, or Raven as he had privately started referring to himself as; as he was no longer forced to do much housework he now had plenty of time to either study his purchased books or just be.

At one point, the raven he'd "borrowed" from Fay returned, bringing along the long missing key. Fingering it absentmindedly Raven questioned whether he should make another trip to Diagon Alley and visit Gringotts once more to set things straight about his accounts or not. Finally, finding making a trip there in personal too much of a hassle he turned towards the raven, which had been watching him for quite a while now.

"Can you deliver a letter to Gringotts for me?"

- o0o -

Meanwhile, another Raven Potter, nowadays known to most as one Darcie le Fay, lay on her back on a rundown couch while holding a book over her head, sparing the contents of it a short look before slamming it shut and throwing the book in a random direction, hearing its impact with a stone wall three seconds later, shortly afterwards followed by a thump as the withering tome landed on the floor, having broken its spine by the sound of it.

Darcie paid very little attention to this though, although her Mentor / Future Self / Self-proclaimed Legal Guardian / Whatever-the-Hell-She-Wanted-To-Be had always told her to take good care of books and she usually did; hurling this particular tome into the wall and breaking its spine was something she had perfectly good reason to do, seeing to the fact that this particular tome was her history book from school and seeing to the fact that pretty much everything that was written in there had proved to be an utter waste of her precious time, hence Darcie considered her actions to be perfectly justified.

And Darcie did have reasons to be frustrated; she really did. Being stuck in a parallel universe when she could be wreaking havoc in her own was getting very very frustrating for her, as she and Morgana had just managed to soil Dumbledore's reputation and free Sirius and all that stuff and were going to give everybody what they truly deserved when they had somehow ended up in another dimension, one with a male Raven Potter. Now that was irony, not to mention extremely unlikely and first and foremost virtually impossible, for the same person (not exactly the same person) to exist in three places at once.

Nevertheless, unlike Morgana, who'd seemed quite content with corrupting the universe with her meddling no matter which universe it was, Darcie wanted to go home to her own dimension and finish what she had started. To do so she needed to perform research and to perform research she needed two things: research material and time. As she happened to be researching time travel along with dimension hopping she would likely be able to obtain both once she started school again, as she had chosen enough electives to make sure that she would require a Time Turner, which she would definitely put to good use even outside of classes; why else bother to try and obtain it in the first place?

Darcie supposed that once the time turner was safely in her grasp these two latest years of good conduct in school may not have been a complete waste after all, as they had established her image as an accomplished scholar, very much like the stereotyped Ravenclaw rather than the cunning Slytherin she was in reality (or at least presumed herself to be). If she kept on the façade for a few more years there was little doubt that she would eventually be made Prefect, which was just all fine and dandy; Darcie just hoped she would have found a way back to her own dimension before then. If not, then at least she would be able to continue her late night strolls and dock points, hand out detentions and so on while Morgana would obviously be content with doing... whatever she felt like doing... or plotting to take over the world.

Either way, in case their stay in this particular dimension would be on the longer scale they had already prepared themselves by solidifying their current identities, laying their hands on strategic pieces of property, investing in business and whatnot. They had even made up an extensive back-story complete with official records (the muggle ones were mostly falsified but hey, it wasn't like the

wizards would ever see through that one); among them were the muggle birth certificate of Darcie Algorab Raven Black along with the adoption papers signed by one Morgana le Fay.

While not much of a Black by blood (to her own knowledge at least), Darcie was of half Potter and half Evans descent, the latter which interestingly enough to have blood ties to the infamous Morgana le Fay of old times, thereby making them her only remaining living descendants (which proved quite practical, as the rest of the clan had unofficially died out several hundred years ago in the magical world, leaving only the Evans family, the somewhat ironic result of a pureblooded squib and a muggle having married a couple of generations earlier). Adding further to the sheer irony the only Evans who ever underwent magical schooling in Britain, the late Lily Evans, had never known that both of her great grandparents had been squibs and that she had, a short time before her untimely death, been entitled the Le Fay name and properties, a right which at the time of her death had gone to her daughter Raven Potter, nowadays more commonly known as Darcie le Fay.

Similar conditions should apply for the Raven Potter in the current dimension, excluding the fact that her male counterpart would be able to do something neither she nor Fay could; he'd be able to become both Heir and later on Head, due to some retarded patriarchal rules left in the wizarding society. Not that Darcie herself minded terribly; if things went according to plan she'd be able leave this shithole of a dimension before that.

Still, getting back to the issue with the Blacks, Darcie did have a blood connection with them from her late father's side of the family, originating from one Dorea Black who'd married one Charlus Potter and given birth to one male offspring who'd later become the father of James Potter. Not that the Black blood would be of much use anyway in anything else than a plausible cover story; the Blacks valued blood purity and as a considered half-blood Black descendant it was very likely that she wouldn't have a snowball's chance in Hell to get officially accepted into the family. That is unless she got the current Head, the likely oblivious and presumed to be disowned Sirius Black of this dimension, out of prison and on her side.

Still, having said that Sirius Black would likely, at given opportunity, make this dimension's Raven Potter his designated Heir and

probably reinstate all other living Blacks disowned for marrying the wrong sort just to have his revenge on the pureblooded bigots that were his ancestors (and reluctant living relations). That being said, in case Darcie really really really wanted to become an official Black she just needed to break her (sort of) godfather out of prison (again)...

Enough.

Thinking about such stuff gave her a nasty headache. Besides, Darcie still didn't get why Morgana, or Fay as she now preferred to be called for some unknown reason, suddenly wanted to join the postal service in her animagus form.

Oh well, the world was full of mysteries and besides, it was rarely worth the trouble to try to understand the things which made the eccentric people move in certain ways.

Besides, after the Hell Darcie had experienced last month courtesy of Fay's memories she somehow doubted that she'd even live through another round of it. The virtually fatal combination of the memories of seven years worth of magical education (four from Hogwarts and the rest of them from Durmstang), a Pensieve and a room with no way out until she'd sifted through them all. Not once, not twice. Three times. Repeatedly.

Oh well, at least she wouldn't need to bother much when it came to studying within the school curriculum this year... or the upcoming four years which remained for that matter either; she'd been through it three times already in a majority of the subjects. This meant that her time for extra-curricular activities would increase again. Excellent. And with a time turner at hand that time would no doubt double, if not triple or more.

Now she only needed to trouble herself with gaining some practical experience before trying out for her OWLs and NEWTs, getting it over with while she still had them in fresh memory so that she would be able to spend more time researching, maybe as an Unspeakable or something. Nah, too bloody troublesome. Probably.

Darcie just had to give it to whoever invented little trinkets such as time turners; they certainly opened up possibilities for her to further utilize the talents currently at her disposal. Darcie also had to send a

silent thanks to whichever stupid-head out there had allowed a mere teenager to borrow one item of the kind that were under some heavy restrictions, for the mere reason said teenager wanted to take a ridiculous amount of classes. Still, hats off for their utter stupidity of leaving a possibly hazardous magical artifact in the hands of a teenage girl with vague intentions of wrecking the timeline... even more than she already was.

- o0o -

Harry James Raven Potter stepped off the bus before Kings Cross on the first of September with a good half an hour or so to spare before the train known as the Hogwarts Express would be leaving, having planned in advance to do so as he still needed to find the whereabouts of the so called Platform Nine and Three Quarters.

Finding it proved to be surprisingly easy when applying some of his earlier experiences with the Wizarding world to this one; brick walls were not always brick walls and the meaning of Platform 9  $\frac{3}{4}$  was likely literal, hence he tried out a pillar in-between them and got through, entering into a previously hidden platform filled with all kinds of eccentric people, wizards and witches no doubt.

Raven spotted numerous children his own age category or a little older, all of them dragging along big coffers; his own was already shrunk and inside his satchel, making it far less of a hassle to carry around, while he also wondered why it seemed like no one else had seemed to have done something similar, leading his thought process on to whether it was like Fay had suggested; that the wizard kin had gone stupid due to all the inbreeding.

Surveying the lot on the platform, Raven calmly decided on giving them the benefit of doubt until they actually managed to prove to him on what level of intellect they had.

Come to think of it... When the Hell did he become so bloody smart and mature all of a sudden?

No matter.

He shook his head to clear his thoughts some before making his way onto the train and going off in search of a compartment where somebody looked even remotely sane. To say the least, he was

already nearing the end of the train when he entered one compartment which was pretty empty, as long as one paid no heed to the silent black-robed book-reading figure sitting by the window.

Emerald green peered up at him after awhile through a pair of square, black-framed glasses partially hidden by a somewhat messy fringe. The rest of the hair was let loose and messy in a similar fashion, not curly but definitely not straight either and the eyes that watched him were both curious and intelligent, although they were soon once again focused on the book she held in her hands. Not that Raven really noticed any of that, as he was too busy thinking about the fact that he had just caught himself staring at another person for more than thirty seconds in a row.

Still, what could be said in his defense was that the person in question somehow looked eerily familiar to him, although he was positive they'd never met before. This made him quite curious, so he shut the door behind him and deposited himself onto the opposite seat before pulling out a book of his own, namely History of Magic A written by one Bathilda Bagshot.

"You'd be wasting your time reading that sort rubbish."

Raven looked up; almost immediately locking eyes with the compartment's other occupant.

"How so?" he asked in a neutral voice, raising an eyebrow.

"It's surprisingly inaccurate and incredibly dull for that matter," she replied with a shrug. "I still have it, but that's only because Fay wouldn't let me burn it; something about treating books with respect and stuff..."

Raven remained silent for a couple of seconds while analyzing her statement.

"Wait... you're Fay's... apprentice?"

The words sounded almost exactly as stupid as he'd imagined them.

"Apprentice, assistant, problem... I can be defined as a lot of things," she replied, slamming the book shut and laying it down on the seat beside her. "And by the sound of it, you're that stray she

picked up recently in the Alley..." the statement was strictly objective "I'm Darcie le Fay..." she paused briefly before tilting her head to the side in order to look out of the window at the landscape flashing by as the train finally started moving. "My official name is really long and troublesome, so we'll just leave it at that."

- o0o -

"Nevertheless," Darcie continued. "You're not the first stray she's picked up on a whim; that would be me by the way, as far as I'm aware... she picked me up, turned my world up-side-down and so on... Since Fay is a vampire and vampires do have a certain tendency of longevity, meaning that they usually last longer than us normal folks as long as they don't frolic on the beach under the blazing sun or eat pizza with extra garlic on top, meaning that they usually do have a lot of free time on their hands, making them easily bored with never-changing and overly predictable things..." she paused briefly, presumably in order to catch her breath. "So, in order to avoid being bored to death, figuratively speaking of course as they are technically dead in a manner of speaking, vampires got to get themselves a hobby... or a whole arsenal of them... Guess what Fay's hobby is?"

Raven considered it for a second or two before answering.

"Picking up lost children?"

Darcie nodded. "Well... that's pretty much the gist of it... although it doesn't happen very often... only when she finds something remotely interesting that's worthy of her attention."

"So... She's like a cat that has found a new interesting toy?"

"That... is an almost disturbingly accurate observation. Thankfully though, she won't try to eat us."

"What makes you so sure?"

"I've been living with her for three years. She hasn't tried eating me yet."

- o0o -

To say that Darcie le Fay loved money was not an understatement, although like her predecessor she had a perfectly good reason to be that way, a fact which she repeatedly told Raven Potter (somehow it felt really strange for her to refer to this kid by the same name as she had been using herself up until awhile ago, hence she settled for referring to him as "The Potter Kid" or "Harry" within her mind at least, to save her mind from any further identity confusion). Her reasoning was grounded upon the following principles:

- 1) Money was essentially the root of all evil. Hence, the more money you managed to make, the more evil you'd become.
- 2) In corrupted wizarding politics, money bought influence. Hence, money was very good to have.
- 3) Books, in particular banned old tomes, cost a lot to buy. Hence, money was needed.

So, Darcie explained this to Harry Potter, offering him a chocolate bar on the way.

"My parents croaked pretty early in my life," she said. "Which left me at the hands... or feet... of some relatives. I wasn't treated very well, but there were far worse ways to live... Quite early on I discovered magic, but to me it was just a power, a mean to defend myself with... so, understandably they grew quite fearful of me..."

"And?" Harry inquired.

"And one day I finally had enough and set the house on fire. The End," Darcie finished, her smirk widening at the look on the other's face. "Nah, I wish. One day I just woke up, assembled my stuff and slipped out the backdoor. I left, just like that. Three nights later I crossed paths with Fay, a vampire on vacation. Then, the next thing I know I've travelled halfway around the world with her and one day, when we somehow ended up in a ditch in Norway, she just asked me right out of the blue if I wanted to be officially adopted and become the sole living heiress to her finances in case some random vampire hunter decides to hunt her down and I thought something along the lines of 'Sure, why not?'"

Harry stared at her, obviously skeptical.

"Why... would she do that?" he asked.

"Beats me," Darcie replied. "Fay and I are related though... in a manner of speaking... Either way, sitting on top of a mountain of treasure gets old after a while, so somebody's got to put the money to good use... not that my uses are ever good."

"So..." Harry said, tilting his head to the side. "Heiress to a great fortune, huh?"

"And rapidly building one of my own," Darcie continued on while poking lightly at her forehead. "My intuition has been fairly strong as of late. It comes in handy..." ...when you can pretty much predict the outcome of all economical matters judging from future experience...

"How strong?"

Darcie regarded him for a few moments before replying, "Strong enough for me to know that a loud-mouthed little pest will barge into this compartment any minute now..."

"A loud-mouthed wha..?" Harry was about to ask, but his voice died down at the sudden intrusion of a slightly frazzled-looking redhead pulling a heavy-looking coffer behind him, standing there at the compartment door regarding the pair for a moment before blurting out a breathless "Everywhere-else-is-full, can-I-sit-here?"

"No," was the instinctual and automatic response.

- oOo -

This dimensions Ronald Weasley looked flabbergasted for a brief couple of seconds, at least before settling down on the pretext that he'd just imagined it or misheard it or whatever, all while both Darcie and Harry frowned quite openly at the display, for entirely different reasons. As to what Harry was thinking Darcie had no real clue as of yet, as she herself was entirely too busy with wondering how come Ron's obvious lack of manners was the same even in an alternative dimension where her alternative self was a boy and all that. Weird.

The redhead turned towards Harry, resuming his actions like he'd just entered the compartment, pointing at his forehead, where the

scar looking like a lightning bolt was faintly visible beneath his fringe. "That scar... You're Harry Potter, right?"

Harry, looking obviously dismayed at having been recognized, regarded him somewhat coldly for a second before his facial expression changed somewhat, hiding a hint of mischief.

"Nope," he then replied. "I'm Santa Claus."

At the lack of comprehension from the redhead Potter raised an eyebrow and turned towards Darcie. "Wizards don't have Santa?"

Darcie le Fay regarded him for a second before a bright smile flashed across her face for a brief moment before dampening down a bit as she answered his question in a level voice. "Wizards already have Dumbledore; wizards don't need Santa."

Harry Potter nodded in clear understanding, as if the answer given explained everything; surprisingly enough, it did.

"But you're the Boy-Who-Lived!" came the exclamation from Ronald Weasley, who was still around.

"And?" the Boy-Who-Lived asked in clear disinterest, his eyebrow twitching a bit at the title, which was still as ridiculous as the first time he heard it. Seriously, who made up these names and titles and stuff?

"Can I see the scar?" the clueless redhead blurted out, earning himself a look of clear annoyance from his supposed idols accompanied by the phrase "What am I, a showcase animal?"

That sent the redhead into a bit of stammering before he finally collected himself enough to properly introduce himself. "I'm Ron, Ron Weasley."

"The little brother of the infamous Weasley twins no doubt," Darcie cut in, reminding the other two of her presence.

"You know them?" the redhead asked in clear disbelief.

"How can anyone not know of the worst pranksters since the Marauders?" she countered, but seeing the look of clear

incomprehension of both of their faces she decided to drop it. "Ah, never mind. Ask Snape; he teaches Potions. I can't guarantee that you'll live through it though..."

Ah, the good old Marauders. The Book had an entire passage about them, which was quite surprising since as far as Darcie was aware none of the Raven Potters had ever concerned themselves much with their parents beyond the whole money and earthly possessions part.

"Who're you?" Ronald Weasley suddenly blurted out, pointing (!) in her direction.

"My name is a bit long," she started. "But I normally just go by Darcie le Fay."

Now that actually brought about a reaction as the redhead suddenly recoiled, actually physically backing away from her.

"Le Fay?" he repeated, looking like he hoped he'd misheard the whole thing. "As in... the dark witch Morgana le Fay?"

Darcie decided to reward him with a very feral grin which only caused him to back away further; perfect.

"Well," she said. "Turns out you do know about my ancient ancestor after all... Good for you."

Ron Weasley, still looking quite uncomfortable and a little scared, and then proceeded to ask the question she'd been waiting for: "Uh... What House are you in?"

Baring her teeth in quite a feral smirk she sweetly replied with a "Slytherin, third-year" all while her eyes gleamed oddly for a couple of seconds, all while the smirk widened as the young Weasley had finally managed to grasp even the slightest hint as to whose compartment he'd just had the insolence to stroll into. A rising sense of fear swiftly triggered a flight-instinct and the to-be Hogwarts student suddenly grasped the Potter kid's arm before proceeding with the act of dragging him out of the compartment with the words "Okay, that does it. Come on, Harry. Let's go. Come on."

Harry James Raven Potter did not appear very impressed with what he'd seen so far of the redhead. Besides, he looked like he completely hated being touched in general without permission and being tugged at by some virtual stranger who sought to take him away from the very compartment where he had seemingly found someone remotely intelligent to share a conversation with. As it was not an everyday occurrence for him to meet such a person, he at least felt like he deserved to know why, which he asked the redheaded boy all while resisting removal from the compartment.

"Why?" Weasley sputtered quite disbelievingly as Harry shook himself loose of his grip. "Because she's a Slytherin of course! That means she's obviously dark and evil and she's also the descendant of the darkest witch in all of Britain! Now come on..." he made another attempt to seize his arm but missed as Harry took a step backwards furthering his distance to the compartment door.

"No thanks," he said while watching him warily. "I think I'll stay right here. You're too loud," he added after a few moments, face blank.

"What?" Ron Weasley blurted out and was about to issue further protests when he was interrupted.

"You're so right, dear cousin of mine," Darcie calmly stated while tilting her head backwards. "Wizards nowadays really have no manners." The lie slipped past her lips surprisingly easily, and judging by the lack of denial from her male counterpart she calmly assumed that he'd caught onto the plan she'd whipped up in a moment of sudden inspiration.

"Cousin?"

Hiding a certain amount of amusement the pair exchanged a look, unknowingly wearing quite similar facial expressions before Darcie turned her attention back to the sputtering Weasley, raised an eyebrow and said "You failed to see the obvious likeness?"

The Weasley's eyes darted between them back and forth a couple of times before he stumbled backwards onto his coffer. "Oh crap, I'm so out of here..." and so he proceeded to grasp his coffer and make a swift exit all while Darcie called after him in a very casual manner.

"Don't come back."

Leaning back again Darcie let out a breath she hadn't known she'd been holding, thinking that she'd finally get some peace and quiet when her male counterpart suddenly spoke up, drawing her attention to him.

"Are we really cousins?"

- o0o -

"It's complicated," Darcie stated, stretching her limbs. "Nevertheless, we talk later. Would you please quiet down for a moment; I need to concentrate..."

Harry did as he was told, becoming very quiet while watching her actions with keen interest.

"In case you're wondering what I'm doing I'm trying my luck with some summoning..." Darcie explained, replying to a yet unasked question all while she closed her eyes in concentration while trying to recall her somewhat vague memories of the animagus form of one traitor named Pettigrew.

Darcie felt the magic react to her silent command and something which almost felt like a magic thread or fishing line shot out, causing the door to slam open.

The two occupants of the compartment shared a brief look before Darcie started rummaging her bag for the unbreakable glass jar she'd joyfully prepared for this occasion. They didn't have to wait long though, as a rat screaming in terror was thrown into the compartment before the door once again slammed shut. The panic-struck rat tried to make its escape and now that the escape route through the door had been blocked it aimed for the other remaining alternative: the partially opened window.

Scabbers himself never really got that far though, as he'd been snatched up barely seconds after his arrival by one Harry James Raven Potter using some very catlike reflexes.

Appropriately impressed with the whole maneuver Darcie whistled. "Good reflexes."

"I know," Harry replied, offering her a quite feral grin while the rat thrashed wildly in his grasp. "I've had practice."

"Of that I have no doubt," Darcie replied, pulling out her wand. "Hold tight now because I'm going to stun it."

Less than thirty seconds later a stunned rat animagus had been neatly deposited into the jar. The lid, containing a couple of small holes to let some air inside, had been tightly screwed on and subjected the standard safety measures the somewhat paranoid Darcie could think of. Nevertheless, the ordeal had only taken about a minute before Darcie once again slid the jar containing the rat into her bag to be dealt with on a later date.

"So, what's with the rat?" Harry finally asked.

"That ain't no rat," Darcie calmly replied while turning the page in her resumed reading session. "That is a wizard pretending to be a rat. It's a rat animagus. As a rat he's been known as both Scabbers and Wormtail, but his real name just happens to be Peter Pettigrew."

"You seem to know a lot," Harry merely stated as he started leafing through a couple of his school books, trying to figure out why the name Pettigrew sounded so oddly familiar to him.

"When I told you my intuition was strong I wasn't kidding," Darcie stated, looking at him over the edge of her book. "I just left out the part that I also have random visions of the past, future or present whenever I overload on sugar..."

Harry looked deeply skeptical. "You're a sugar-addicted Seer?"

Darcie didn't look up. "I'd like it if you didn't put me in the same category as that lot... But, I'll have you know that in the future I've seen that little rat fellow would've caused a lot of trouble..."

Harry looked at her for several moments, clearly having noticed the somewhat odd expression which graced her features while she spoke.

"It's personal, isn't it?" he then said.

"It is, or rather it would've been I suppose," Darcie replied with the same flatness as usual as she turned another page in her book. "Oh, and by the meaning of useful information; Pettigrew killed your parents."

Harry merely raised an eyebrow. "Really? But I thought it was Volde-whatever who did it?"

"Pettigrew sold your parents out to Voldemort," Darcie clarified with a smile on her lips. "Because he was their Secret Keeper, he who was secretly a Death Eater leaked the info on your folks' whereabouts so that Voldy could come over and kill you people off, sans you of course as you somehow refused to die, all while Pettigrew pushed the blame onto one Sirius Black, who's currently in prison and your actual Godfather and supposed legal guardian by the way of useful information. More chocolate?"

- oOo -

"So..." Darcie finally said, having put the book away in favor of munching on a chocolate bar. "This is really really really complicated and I don't really know where to start but what the Hell... As earlier mentioned my official name is really long and troublesome... It's Darcie Algorab Raven le Fay-Black, although I was born Darcie Algorab Raven Black... Either way, my blood carry little meaning as the Blacks here in Britain is an old bigoted pureblood family with little or no interest in half-bloods like myself or others to the like. The current Head though is a different story..."

Harry, already having pulled out a notebook and a pen for good measure, started scribbling something down. "Let me guess..." he then said, looking up at her. "Sirius Black?"

The raven-haired third-year nodded. "Unlike the rest of the family or just pureblooded families of bigots in general, Sirius has other priorities than marrying his second cousin; Hell, considering the fact that he has no known children he'll likely choose someone of mixed blood to be his heir in case he ever gets the opportunity. Nevertheless, due to all the inbreeding between the purebloods you're a Black descendant as well courtesy of your great grandmother or something like that, not to mention the fact that you're his godson and the son of his best mate James Potter, meaning that you're quite likely to inherit the Blacks one day..."

The young Potter raised an eyebrow before making another note. "And you either want Black out of prison or me inheriting the Blacks because?"

"There's a house somewhere in London called Number Twelve Grimmauld Place," Darcie replied. "It's protected by all these paranoid defense mechanisms and whatnot. It's Unplottable as well... and the house's been locked down since the death of Sirius' mother and the only thing that lives there at the moment is a deranged house elf; I admit that I haven't tried my luck with it yet but it would probably attack me straight away so I'm not taking any chances..."

"And why exactly do you need to get into this place?" Harry asked, making another note. "Any particular reason I should be aware of?"

"Nothing much," Darcie replied with a light shrug. "Let's just say that I'm hunting for these special items to keep myself entertained with life and that I've learned that one of these items happens to reside within that house..."

"What sort of items?" Harry asked quietly, looking up from his notes.

"Certain objects imbedded with soul fragments," Darcie replied somewhat dryly, once again reaching for her book as she did so. "You may have managed to off the Dark Lord with your little stunt ten years ago, but unfortunately this particular Dark Lord happen to have this nasty habit of not staying dead and returning again and again, due to the fact that he's split his soul into pieces he's sealed into items using the power of a human sacrifice and whatnot, the same items that I am currently in the process of hunting down and getting rid off before he decides to steal a priceless magical artifact which grants him eternal life and so on... Speaking of which, I'll give you a fine piece of advice for when we arrive to the school; stay clear of the stammering garlic-stinking turban-man. You seriously don't want to know what or rather who's hidden beneath that turban..."

"...Voldemort?"

"More or less," Darcie admitted. "However, due to the fact that he probably isn't gunning for you this time around but rather for the

priceless magical artifact the old coot of a Headmaster have hidden within the school you should be alright as long as you lay reasonably low, don't take any late night strolls past curfew in dark empty corridors and refuse to participate in any detentions that will be partaken inside the Forbidden Forest, regardless of what the barmy old codger tries to do in order to force you... Remember, use common sense and don't charge into dangerous situations just because that's what people expect from you... oh, and the usual advice; don't take candy from strangers. Did you write all of that down?"

"Almost."

"Hurry up, would you? I've got plenty of stories to tell..."

"Done," Harry finally said. "What's next?"

"The House system of Hogwarts," Darcie continued, turning the page. "Four Houses consisting of: Gryffindor, which is the place for the reckless and other brave idiots; Hufflepuff, which is the place to make friends and work hard; Ravenclaw, which is the place where besserwissers and book nerds reside and lastly but not least; Slytherin, which is the place for the cunning and ambitious, the House in which all evil resides that will supposedly bring about the next evil overlord... again..."

Harry briefly looked up from his notes to ask a question. "Any particular reason for that?"

Darcie smirked before once again slamming the book shut. "Expectations."

- o0o -

Review? ^^

## Sorting Things Out... Again

- o0o -

Harry James Raven Potter regarded the crowd inside the hall with a cool sense of indifference, glancing briefly at the school's major population and staff members (immediately spotting one of those insanely twinkling old men with a total lack of fashion sense that Fay had warned him about) before returning his attention to a worn looking pointed hat, which started singing all of a sudden.

While other to-be first-years suppressed gasps Raven's only outer indication of surprise was a slight raise of one of his eyebrows; after all the stuff he'd seen so far, it took more than a couple of sparkly stars in the ceiling and a talking hat to surprise him. Honestly, what would come next? A dragon? A troll? A man with a hidden face on the back of his head?

The Sorting started as some woman, vaguely registering in his mind as Minerva McGonagall, the vice Headmistress and Head of the Gryffindor House, pulled out a parchment and started calling up names. Then, a whole lot of names later, it was finally his turn.

"Potter, Harry!"

Making his way towards the Sorting Hat Raven's ears registered the sound of whispers inside the Great Hall, something along the lines of "That's Harry Potter?" "The Boy-Who-Lived" and "I always wondered how he managed to beat You-Know-Who..."

Raven pulled the hat over his head quite quickly to hide the fact that he rolled his eyes; trust the wizarding world to come up with ridiculous names for everything and everyone... Hogwarts, The Boy-Who-Lived, You-Know-Who...

Bloody Hell, there was no freaking end to it all.

- o0o -

"SLYTHERIN!"

Finally able to remove the hat from his head Raven once again found himself looking out over the crowd inside the Great Hall, as

they sat down some of them visibly shaken while others sat with nearly unreadable facial expressions all while a quite uneasy silence reigned, further marking the absence of the usual applaud following a completed Sorting.

After a brief moment of hesitation at seeing all those stares directed at him, some quite unfriendly actually, Raven made himself ready to step in direction of the Slytherin table, to which those who'd earlier been Sorted had gone to, but before he was even halfway through one step there was a clap, followed by another, and another, all of them echoing in the otherwise silent hall while people started looking around and craning their necks in search of whoever was responsible for the applause.

The source was not unsurprisingly found at the Slytherin table where Darcie le Fay sat, looking quite relaxed and even amused with the fact that everybody was now staring at her instead. After mere seconds several Slytherins joined in, followed by other students, both in Slytherin as well as a few hesitant Ravenclaws. And then, just as sudden as it had started it stopped as the next person was called up to be Sorted and a somewhat relieved Raven took a seat next to Darcie, who looked in direction of the staff table, where some appeared to have yet to completely recover from the shock of seeing The Boy-Who-Lived, who was supposed to become the new Gryffindor Poster Boy, sorted into Slytherin of all places.

Darcie leaned closer to whisper into his ear. "Betraying expectations so soon, Raven dear?"

A faint smirk turned up on said first-year's lips. "Whose expectations?" he dryly asked. "Nobody in here, except maybe you, knows shit about me as a person... Whatever expectations they may hold onto The Boy-Who-Lived from having listened to too many greatly exaggerated tales of the event which eventually resulted in this ridiculous title are none of my concern..."

"Correct," Darcie replied, tilting her head slightly as Blaise Zabini was at last sorted into Slytherin (just like last time). "However, I just thought I'd give you another fine piece of advice before school starts for real..." her eyes surveyed Dumbledore as he stood up, prepared to speak. "If you start experiencing sudden headaches during lessons and stuff, don't lock eyes with the person staring at you..."

unless you feel like having unwanted guests inside that pretty little head of yours..."

Raven regarded her for a couple of seconds while contemplating her words before he cast a discreet glance at the staff table, noticing the fact that one of the teachers, a man with greasy black shoulder-length hair, sallow skin, a long hooked nose, black eyes and what seemed to be a seemingly permanent scowl on his face, looking rather like he'd seen something unsightly.

On the man's face was a clear indication of contempt along with a fierce yet suppressed anger which seemingly radiated from his eyes that were obviously looking in his direction. Raven, having taken Darcie's advice to heart, carefully avoided eye contact. Once he'd finished a temporary evaluation of the situation Raven again leaned closer to Darcie, posing a question to her in a barely audible voice, barely heard over the speech from the Headmaster.

"That man... he's staring at me, isn't he?"

Darcie looked in direction of the staff table for a couple of seconds before giving him a reply, her eyes still lingering at the man in question with a somewhat odd look in them. Pity, along with what could possibly pass off as disappointment.

"Severus Snape, the Head of the Slytherin House," she said, her eyes darting off a brief second towards Dumbledore, who was explaining the school rules and all of that crap. "The truth is however... he is not looking at you..." she continued, tilting her head slightly. "He's glaring at the shadow of a person who's been dead for a decennium already..."

Raven stole a quick glance at the subject of their discussion, frowning lightly as a couple of pieces fell into place.

"Let me guess..." he said, imitating her previous motion. "The man in question had some sort of long-lived grudge with my late father, and currently being in a position of authority he intends to have his revenge by making the life of his grudge's son a living Hell?"

The third-year Slytherin gave him a blank stare before answering.

"Pretty much," Darcie replied with a light shrug. "No worries though; he'll get over it eventually."

Raven looked up at the insanely twinkling man with no fashion sense, correctly identifying him as the Headmaster Albus Percival Whatever Dumbledore, just as said man was about to finish his speech. As such, with his full attention on Dumbledore, Raven failed to notice a slight wince from Darcie, who then proceeded to discreetly press a hand onto her forehead, only to remove it mere moments later as if nothing had really occurred.

"Nitwit! Blubber! Oddment! Tweak!" the bearded man exclaimed; all while Raven swiftly concluded that the man should be labeled as clinically insane, as said wizard bowed to the incoming applause with a "Thank You" just as food finally appeared onto the previously empty plates and people attacked the food, devouring it like hungry beasts (like certain Gryffindors) or poking at it with a fork a couple of times before stabbing it repeatedly as if to make sure the thing on the plate was really dead (like Darcie le Fay).

At seeing the young Potter's rather questioning look Darcie temporarily put a stop to her massacre of a piece of chicken. "What?" she then asked, sounding rather like stabbing already dead food to the death was perfectly normal behavior.

Raven found himself raising an eyebrow. "Why are you stabbing your food like that?"

"I'm irritated," Darcie calmly replied as she resumed stabbing the piece of meat. "And just a bit frustrated... as I just saw something which made me lose my appetite..." she continued, sounding rather disgusted, but didn't elaborate any further.

Leaving her to that Raven himself settled for attaining some food and consuming it, finding it very much eatable at that. Quite tasty even. Not much time had passed however since the end of Dumbledore's speech before one of the Slytherins leaned closer, obviously aiming to establish some sort of communication. Raven saw this, but waited patiently for the other part to take the first step, partly because he could not really consider himself particularly well-versed in the wizarding etiquette.

"So... You're Harry Potter, huh?" the Slytherin finally spoke, face blank but not unfriendly as he extended a somewhat calloused hand towards him, which Raven shook without much hesitation. "Marcus Flint, sixth-year and Chaser as well as Captain of the Quidditch Team. I must admit however, and I'll be speaking on the behalf of quite a few of us, that I was quite surprised at seeing you getting sorted into Slytherin, as most people of all Houses expected you to follow in your parents' footsteps and go to those Gryffindor buffoons over there..." he continued, making a not very discreet gesture towards the Gryffindor table, at which some students glared at them.

"Indeed?" Raven inquired, sounding quite amused, at least once he'd gotten his hand back. "Well... as a matter of fact having all these unwanted expectations shoved at me without much warning sickens me to no end... Besides, I find great amusement in betraying the stupid ones... and I also happen to take great pride in the fact that I can be virtually unpredictable when I want to..."

"Cunning," another Slytherin cut in, taking a seat on the opposite side of the table. "Or maybe not... depending on the spectator..." he paused briefly before looking in direction of Darcie le Fay, who had resumed the stabbing of the now very much mutilated piece of chicken. "Either way... the true master of cunningness today would be Le Fay, who is by now at least twenty galleons richer than before the Sorting..."

At the mention of her name Darcie looked up at them for a brief moment before looking down at the mutilated piece of meat before finally vanishing it with a wave of her wand, as she grabbed onto the big chocolate parfait which had suddenly appeared before her before she too entered the conversation, replying to Raven's still unasked question.

"Bets," she said, like one word would explain everything; surprisingly enough it did. "I bet twenty galleons that you'd end up in Slytherin while most other participants were rooting for Gryffindor. By the way Montague; it's not twenty but a hundred and twenty."

"That much?" Flint resounded, sounding way more amused with it all than upset with it as he reached into his pocket to retrieve the amount he'd bet on. "Three galleons," he then said, surrendering the money to the winner, who accepted them with barely hidden glee. "I

sure am glad I didn't bet more... Betting is suicidal business whenever Darcie's involved."

"Truly," a third Slytherin agreed, pulling out the amount of money he owed and surrendered it to Darcie. "I take it you've taken up Divination this year..."

"Indeed," Darcie dryly replied. "Not that I think I'll be learning anything useful; Trelawney is a lot of things, but a gifted Seer is not one of them..." putting a spoonful of ice-cream into her mouth she looked thoughtful for a moment before continuing "Maybe and I say maybe she'd be capable of spitting out one prophecy every tenth year or so, if we're really lucky that is, and in her usual state of intoxication by means unknown I seriously doubt she'd even remember making any prophecy in the first place..."

"Well, if Darcie said it then it's likely true," a fourth Slytherin replied, joining in on the conversation. "We all saw what happened to the previous DADA teacher, didn't we?"

"I read about it the Prophet," Blaise Zabini cut in, having let his growing interest overcome his cautiousness as he moved closer to them. "They never did find his body, did they?"

"Nope," one of the other Slytherins replied with a great amount of glee. "The Forbidden Forest was thoroughly searched, but not even those Centaurs knew where his body went afterwards... or his attacker for that matter..."

"Spider food," Darcie commented in a barely audible voice before loading another spoonful of ice-cream into her mouth. "Acromantulas. Big ones."

There were sounds of agreements from the older Slytherins involved. "Probably... Either way, the whole affair was hushed down pretty quickly... likely by involvement by the Ministry."

"My father is close friends with Minister Fudge," Draco Malfoy piped up before turning towards Raven, looking slightly apologetic while offering his hand. "Draco Malfoy. I'm sorry about that stuff earlier on the train."

"Apology accepted," Raven replied, vaguely recalling said event, during which the blond had pretty much made an ass out of himself. "On the premise that I'll receive your expressed consent to whatever I may do to you in case you are foolish enough to repeat the mistake..."

The other Slytherins involved looked both surprised and intrigued as they turned to Malfoy, discreetly asking what he'd done, but Raven replied in his stead even before the first-year had opened his mouth.

"He insulted my mixed blood," he stated simply, knowing well that he was at this very moment speaking to some people which would almost undeniably belong to the "Pureblooded Bigot" category, hence the reason of why he decided to explain part of his reasoning, in a meager attempt to make these people question the dogmas they'd been unknowingly force-fed from a very young age. Before he had the time to do so however, Darcie suddenly spoke up.

"Regardless of our intelligence or magical ability, we cannot choose our parents," she said, eating another spoonful of ice-cream. "Meaning, his pureblooded father hooked up with a mudblood; so what? That mudblood may as well have been a half- or quarter-bloods for all that we know, due to all these squibs roaming around the muggle world..."

The three older Slytherins exchanged a look among themselves all while Blaise Zabini looked thoughtful and Draco Malfoy gaped like a fish.

"That makes... a disturbingly amount of sense, you know?"

- o0o -

"That makes... a disturbingly amount of sense, you know?" Montague said, breaking the somewhat awkward silence which had reigned for almost an entire minute. "I mean, come on..." he turned towards the older Slytherins for some sort of confirmation or support, although he received very little. "Ever since those laws passed and stuff..."

Darcie finally removed the spoon from her mouth with a facial expression of utter boredom.

"Clarification," she then said, studying the spoon she held between her fingers with a great amount of interest. "Purebloods can't kill squib so they throw said squib out, stripping said squib of rights to family name, inheritance and whatnot. Squib has no magic, meaning that the magical world sucks to be in. Hence squib moves to mixed or muggle areas, meets muggle, "muggleborn", half-blood or pureblood astray... Procreates with either of before mentioned, likely without the other learning of said person's blood status... Now, whatever children may come out of this theoretical union can range from all to half-bloods to quarter- or even purebloods, without even knowing it. So, squib or no squib, pureblood is still pureblood. Hence, it wouldn't be that strange if several of these so called muggleborns are descendants of such squibs who've been kicked out of their pureblooded families during the ages..."

Draco Malfoy muttered something under his breath, sounding rather disgusted, while Harry James Raven Potter looked at her with a great amount of interest. The other Slytherins engaged in the conversation however had reactions ranging from partial disgust and disbelief to looking fearfully intrigued about the whole idea, or at least the possibility of the concept itself.

Darcie herself stole a brief glance in direction of the staff table.

"Nevertheless," she said, lowering her voice considerably while looking wary for some reason. "If you don't believe me, I'll show you proof..."

The other Slytherins considered her offer for a brief second, before the older ones settled for the "Thanks but no thanks; I honestly don't think I want to know" strategy all while Malfoy snorted something about his father before scooting off back to his henchmen Crabbe and Goyle. Blaise Zabini formally introduced himself before starting up a polite conversation with Potter on a seemingly much more innocent subject, namely their reading material.

Darcie merely shrugged lightly before pulling out a book and resuming her reading.

The Sorting Feast ended, with ridiculous School Anthems and all the like, although no one really took particularly much notice on how the young Le Fay soundlessly slipped out of the Great Hall, heading off in direction of the Room of Requirements.

- o0o -

To be completely honest, Dumbledore couldn't help but feel just a little bit concerned about the rather unexpected route young Mister Potter had taken, getting sorted into Slytherin and all, his behavior completely failing to add up with the kind Dumbledore would've expected; surely, the Dursleys would've been hard on him at times, refraining from doting on him and keeping him humble.

Still, humble was not really a word which could be used to describe the Harry who eventually turned up at Hogwarts; instead of an expectedly naïve and somewhat undereducated but still starry-eyed young wizard a very much informed and obviously skeptical rebel had appeared in his stead, eyeing his surroundings with eyes far older than a youngling such as him should have had.

Then again, there was also the revelation that young Harry had, mere hours before reaching the school, somehow established a friend-like relationship with one of the Slytherin third-years, one Darcie le Fay, who should've been a virtual stranger to him. Still, judging by the behavior observed during the Welcoming Feast Dumbledore seriously found himself questioning the presumption that these two had never met before that day; they got along far too well to be complete strangers.

There was also the whole matter with Harry apparently managing a trip to Diagon Alley all on his own, getting his school supplies without having the key to his vault and getting back to Privet Drive none the wiser. Hell, not even Mrs. Figg had noticed that anything was off. Albus knew he should've sent Hagrid to pick young Harry up; that way all of this could've been avoided.

Then again, young Harry's placement into Slytherin clearly indicated the fact that he was cunning, and likely somewhat ambitious as well, a fact which worried the Headmaster to no end; it was all too familiar you see, the uncanny resemblance between this young half-blood and another a long time ago. Seeing that the latter had proclaimed himself a Dark Lord and attempted to take over the country, Albus considered his worry to be well-founded.

Besides, it really wouldn't do if their supposed savior went dark and either joined with Voldemort or established his own little army of hell-

raising hellions; Albus seriously doubted that Britain would survive the ascension of not only one but two Dark Lords, meaning that he'd do well to keep a better eye on this particular youth, all while subtly pulling the strings in an attempt to steer him onto the right path again. All for the greater good of course, as always.

Harry's somewhat worrying behavior aside, Albus instead focused on young Miss Le Fay, yet another unpredictable element which was likely to hinder his plans, those he had in store for young Mr. Potter especially.

Her previously exemplary behavior aside, the fact that Albus had failed to determine the whereabouts of her allegiances was a problem, even more so in the future; the currently thirteen-year-old witch wasn't a potential threat to him yet. In the future perhaps, but Albus would make an effort to prevent such a scenario; with the recent level of success the Le Fays had attained with their well-placed investments they'd no doubt be a serious threat or a powerful ally in the future, purely economically or otherwise.

Even before the most recent developments Albus had decided to do a deeper research on her background, soon after having invited her to Hogwarts.

Attaining copies of the papers in question was surprisingly easy, but what he found out both surprised him and made him quite uneasy.

The first reason for concern could be found in young Le Fay's birth name.

Darcie Algorab Raven Black.

Albus would've liked to dismiss the last name as a mere coincidence, denying any possible relation with the "Noble and Most Ancient House of Black" in Britain. Judging by the "Algorab", a part of the star constellation Raven (also featured as a part of the full name) Albus had very little doubt that Darcie was in one way or another, a descendant of the Blacks, by birth at least.

Either way, judging by her mixed blood (the earliest papers he'd found on her were muggle, leading him to his own conclusions) she had likely descended from one of the Blacks that had been kicked out of the family in one way or another, presumably by marrying

anything less than a pureblood. Still, due to the fact that Blacks cared very little for anything with "impure" blood Albus' main concern with Darcie's ancestry wasn't her blood ties to the Blacks but something else, related to his second reason for concern.

Adopted and taken into the House of Le Fay.

Regardless of the reasons stated by the adopter, Albus knew that it took more than a simple kinship in blood for an ancient clan like the Le Fays to take someone in; from what Albus himself had been able to gather the Le Fays were, simply put, among the most ancient wizard families in history, and as such they could also be perceived as purebloods, royalty even, as they were the direct descendants of the renowned Morgana le Fay, dark witch extraordinaire, along with an unknown male of royal blood. Hence, Albus could pretty safely say that the odds that an ancient pureblooded family would ever take in a presumed half-blood for purely having Le Fay blood coursing in her veins were slim to none, unless the Le Fays desperately needed to get more people into their family in order to prevent it from dying out. Still, there just had to be other alternatives, along with plenty of candidates of purer blood to choose from...

Consequently, this could mean at least two things; that Darcie le Fay was either secretly a pureblood descendant or that the Le Fays had adopted her for other reasons that would make up for her mixed blood. Such reasons, Albus mused, could very well be the girl's apparent prowess in the general area, or perhaps some sort of hidden talents or stuff to the like.

Oh, the ageing headmaster had gotten very curious and he still was, although he was at the moment feeling distinctively more unnerved than curious in regard to recent events.

Morgana le Fay.

The adoption papers had been signed by her, or whoever went by that name as a pseudonym, giving away a quite obvious hint as to their association. More like flaunting it at whoever decided to take a look.

No one but perhaps the clan members themselves or maybe the goblins knew much about the illusive Le Fays that had only recently resurfaced after having been thought to be extinct for centuries,

besides the fact that the current leader was apparently sitting on top of a mountain of galleons. Such interesting timing, reappearing right at the time which the magical world stood at a possible crossroad.

Reappearing beside young Harry Potter, seemingly offering their support while still lying in wait, like a deadly snake waiting to strike. They were planning something; that much was pretty obvious.

Young Harry's mixed blood aside, he was still the Potter Heir and would be able to assume lordship, given that he managed to live that long, and as for young Miss le Fay...

Realization struck him and Albus Dumbledore nearly choked on his lemon drop when imagining the possible repercussions of letting the possible friendship and what other relationship they may have or develop blossom in peace. No, he definitely would not allow it. He and young Harry needed to have a talk.

- oOo -

Elsewhere, Darcie le Fay sneezed before once again trying her best to pretend to pay attention to her teacher in Divination, some oddball named Sybil Trelawney or something along those lines as said person, or insect or incompetent vermin depending on one's perspective, went around the room throwing out random predictions and whatnot.

Said walking example of incompetence had just minutes before had the nerve to predict her untimely demise, as she apparently did for a few unfortunate souls every year or so. Honestly, didn't she know about things called self-fulfilling prophecies?

Redirecting her attention towards the crystal ball on the table before her, Darcie absentmindedly rubbed her temples in hopes of reducing the headaches she'd been suffering from for quite some time now.

Aspirin didn't help and pain-relieving potions weren't of much use either, so Darcie endured them without much of a fuss (some silent swearing every once in a while didn't count as making a fuss). Until that very moment at least, as she suddenly wanted to vent her built up frustration on the closest inanimate object, namely the crystal ball before her. Darcie wanted to smash it on the floor; Hell, she wanted to use it to smash Trelawney's head in.

It was simply too bad that her current assumed persona or situation in general wouldn't benefit from her having a raging fit and attacking one of the teachers; even if some of said teacher's colleagues would likely be somewhat thankful Dumbledore wouldn't take the thing lying down and to be completely honest Darcie already had enough on her plate at the current moment.

Continuing to stare into the crystal ball Darcie discreetly retreated into her Happy Place, idly daydreaming about what she would be doing once she got back to her own dimension again.

Throw a huge party; check.

Forget all about this and move on with my life; double check.

Set fire to the Ministry of Magic, Hogwarts and Privet Drive; triple check.

Come to think of it, maybe she'd do the same shit over here, as a parting gift to her other self. On second thought, Darcie thought she might as well lay off any possible attempts to either wittingly or unwittingly manipulate her male counterpart; manipulation attempts on Raven Potter had a tendency to backfire after all. Besides, Darcie herself had no intentions whatsoever to meddle with his life unless she was asked to; after all, it was Raven himself who'd taken the initiative to enter her train compartment on the Hogwarts Express and stay around, as had he himself chosen Slytherin as his path. The kid would simply have to make his own decisions and take responsibility for them, whatever they may be; in case he wanted to be the next Dark Lord then that would be his own problem. Obviously.

- o0o -

Raven Potter found himself sitting in a chair at the opposite of an insanely twinkling old man with a ridiculous name and outfit, doing his absolute best to avoid looking (both at the clothes and the man wearing them, duly avoiding looking at his face altogether) while instead taking his time studying various details of the room, the portraits of former headmasters of the school, some colorful turkey which was apparently a phoenix along with several odd-looking silver instruments. Oh, and bowls of candy.

"Lemon drop, Harry?"

Raven looked up, staring at the wall right left of the Headmaster's head.

"No thanks, Professor," he said while lowering his gaze. I'm not accepting candy from strange old men... "Am I in some sort of trouble, sir?"

"No, no, Harry," Dumbledore assured him. "You're not in any sort of trouble; I just wanted to sit down and have a little chat with you..."

Yeah right...

"About what, sir?" Raven asked, continuing his enforced politeness; he'd likely be stuck in this place for the better part of the seven upcoming years, so making the Headmaster his enemy in just the second week of schooling was not among his main priorities.

The ageing headmaster let out a suffering sigh.

"As much as it hurts me to admit it I am quite worried..." he started. "...For your sake, I'm afraid... You see, as an old friend of your late parents I do feel a certain responsibility to look out for your interests..."

...And monetary resources, right? Old coot.

"Therefore I feel obliged to advise you to cease your immediate association with young Miss le Fay; there is a certain risk that she has a hidden motive to associate herself with you..."

Even so, unlike the esteemed Headmaster, Darcie le Fay had laid out her intentions quite openly; she needed an entrance into this Grimmauld Place, end of story. Judging from what Raven himself had seen Darcie held little or no interest at manipulating him for her own means without his consent, which set her apart from the man before him with the sugar-coated words and unwanted meddling.

Now Darcie on the other hand was allowed to meddle, as long as she properly asked first, as was her privilege as his friend; the first one he ever recalled having. Nevertheless, the fact that Darcie le

Fay had now risen from the state of mere acquaintance to the one of friend meant very little to either of them in real life, other than the fact that the greater trust he placed in her, the greater the repercussions following a betrayal; the reason that he'd even bothered to explain this to her was beyond him, although he found himself imagining that he'd found someone who could be considered kin, even with whatever differences they may have.

Fay on the other hand had become somewhat of a force of nature in Raven's world; wild and uncontrollable in one sense, yet favorable or unfavorable depending on the surroundings. One thing was rather obvious to Raven himself though and that was that Fay, alongside Darcie, essentially had the power to make or break him, making them very useful allies and obviously dangerous, if they should ever become his enemies.

As allies the Le Fay's asked very little of him other than the whole 'you can either help out or leave us the Hell alone and we will do the same for you in return' philosophy. While no real alliance had been established between the three of them Raven did find their rather simple demands quite reasonable, as it was the least which would be expected besides the whole 'you won't attack me, I won't attack you' theory.

Raven spared the old coot a short look, Yep, he's still talking, before once again tuning the man's voice out. He didn't have to do that for long though, as a frantic teacher he'd never seen before burst into the Headmaster's office.

"Headmaster! Headmaster!" she shouted, flailing with her arms in a quite interesting manner from Raven's point of view. "One of my students... one of my..."

- o0o -

... A major cliffhanger? What the Hell? Oh well...

## The Visionary

- o0o -

Darcie le Fay could honestly say that she felt like crap and not only physically so but also mentally as she had somehow managed to overload on sugar and go into prophetess mode and spit out some random prophecy that the world surely could've done well without, especially so since it had brought Trelawney (aka the almost talentless waste of space that was her supposedly competent teacher in Divination) into a fit of hysterics that had brought her all the way to the old coot to blurt out the virtually unimaginable thing which had occurred (that is, the fact that one of her students had actually managed to go into a trance and predict something reasonably accurate instead of merely making things up as they went along, although since this had taken place on the first lesson it could hardly be credited to the teacher now, could it?) while other more levelheaded individuals (that is, her Slytherin comrades in the same year and same elective course) had put priority into getting her to the hospital wing instead of, like the teacher, going straight off to Dumbledore to blab about what had apparently taken place.

As such, she was now confined inside the hospital wing with Madam Pomfrey watching her like a hawk and Dumbledore sitting at her bedside, wanting to have a small "chat" with her. At first she had leveled him with a quite even stare, silently wanting to curse him into oblivion, decapitate his corpse and keep his skull as a keepsake, or sell it on the black market or whatever she felt like doing, but she barely even twitched as the old puppet master tried to coax her into spilling her guts (although not literally), trying to make her trust him enough to reveal all her secrets, her very heritage and whatnot while the old man would carefully construct another scheme in order to coax her into his lines, the Light and all that, because of his apparent belief that if she wasn't with him she was more likely than not with the Dark Lord and all that shit.

So she had answered him, surprisingly polite through it all even if she had wanted nothing more than to shove all his self-righteous bullshit up his ass, because she knew that if she kept completely quiet through it all the old coot would probably find a way to get her to spill everything, so instead she humored him and proceeded to lie terribly when she did it, telling him a plausible story which matched

well with her cover story instead of telling him the real story (the one where she was a cross-dimensional time-traveler and all that).

- o0o -

"So this Marius Black was supposedly your grandfather?" Albus Dumbledore asked, leaning forward in clear interest.

"My great grandfather... on my mother's side, I think," Darcie le Fay corrected, looking a bit ill at ease in being at the receiving end of his piercing gaze. "But he died way before I was born so I don't know much about him..."

"What about the rest of your family?" Albus then asked, his voice mild and comforting.

Darcie merely shook her head in response, "All is a blur; I hear there was a fire or something but I really don't remember much before ending up in the orphanage with only a note christening me Darcie Algorab Raven Black... didn't stay around for long though until my mentor came around and adopted me..."

"And what about your mentor, Morgana le Fay?" the Headmaster insisted on knowing.

The girl shrugged her shoulders in response, "She's taken good care of me so far, so I see little reason to complain about anything."

"Is that so?"

"Yes."

Albus once again tried catching her eye, but she continued staring calmly out of the window. Even so, she did seem to have answered his questions quite truthfully, although he clearly sensed that she was withholding information.

Previously he had been far more worried about her being a bad influence on the young Harry Potter, but now, after the revelation that she was apparently a Seer, he found himself worrying not only for the continued success of his plans but also for the girl herself if it reached Death Eaters' ears and Voldemort ever returned; she'd likely face some sort of recruiting attempts, mixed blood or no, if not

for her abilities as a Seer then for her association with the Le Fays, no, due to her position as the heiress to them.

Albus really couldn't afford to make himself their enemy, not only because of the recent developments along with the clan's recently elevated position in wizarding commerce but also due to their very old connection to magic itself; the Le Fay's had been around since the time of Merlin and were renowned as possibly one of the oldest still-living wizard families.

He too had presumed them to have become extinct a long time ago until he'd confirmed the fact that they had resurfaced about three years previous and now, confirming the blood relation to the Black family, things suddenly became much clearer to him.

Contrary to his earlier belief the Le Fay clan had never gone completely extinct but had instead gone underground, and according to his theory they'd likely entered the muggle world at some point and proceeded to marry pureblooded squibs cast out of their families, thereby keeping their blood reasonably pure and intermixing it with several of the major pureblood families in each century.

Hence, according to Albus' most recent theory, this Marius Black was unlikely to be the only pureblood wizard to be found in Darcie le Fay's family tree if one actually looked into it and knowing the Black family and their pureblood mania and general attitude towards squibs Albus assumed that it was very likely that descendants of Le Fay had married people of Black blood far before Marius, as the Blacks were quite keen on disowning squibs and supporters of muggle rights and all that; if disownment and being thrown out of the family meant eligibility to marriage then Albus had little doubt that young Darcie had much more than just Black blood in her veins.

Still, from a purely scientific and non-traditional point of view he supposed that this kind of strategy did make sense as it was an ingenious way to add to the gene pool and avoid potential inbreeding, as things likely passed by without much notice and any squibs or other disowned fellows that were taken in were likely far too grateful to be accepted back into a family to do anything to get themselves thrown out again.

- oOo -

Darcie sighed, staring up at the dull ceiling in the hospital wing; the overbearing nurse had refused to let her return back to the Slytherin dormitories and Darcie had to suppress a sudden impulse to strangle her, but at least she'd been reasonably left alone after that (Madam Pomfrey had tried to persuade her into taking some Dreamless Sleep as well as some calming potions while Darcie had steadfastly refused as a matter of principle). So, having little else to do than just lie in a hospital bed and count down until she'd been able to leave it, Darcie recalled the words she had apparently uttered while on a sugar high.

"A shadow moves

Guided by the raven's flight from the mound

Stalking the followers of the dark one

Hunting the pieces scattered around

Leveling the playing field before

The Chosen One shall rise once more

And strike down on his foe with unforeseen might

The raven takes flight

The raven takes flight"

It was very poetic, for her at least. But what the Hell did it mean?

On second thought, what it meant was pretty obvious, to her at least, but she'd nearly bet her soul on that the old coot was about to drive himself crazy over figuring it out.

Darcie herself only hoped that she wouldn't be spitting out any random predictions of the future anywhere near either Dumbledore or Trelawney again; the heavy feeling of eyes resting on her was giving her a headache.

- o0o -

The days floated by without much purpose and the weeks and months with them until it was time for Halloween. A troll had somehow wandered into the dungeons (never mind whatever protections this castle referred to as "the safest place in all Britain" was supposed to have) and nearly killed one Hermione Granger, who surprisingly enough emerged from the stall she'd been crying in with no further injuries than a small cut on her wrist, who only gave a very tightlipped response as to how she'd gotten away and also as to how said troll had come to be dismembered and cut into fine little pieces and had its bones, all of them, crushed to a fine powder like substance.

The teachers meanwhile, suspecting dark magic at action, checked the girl's wand and had the scan come up completely clean. Any further attempts at interrogating the girl also proved to be useless, as she said nothing further than "can't tell" when asked about it and "she said so" when asked about why she couldn't. Any attempts at finding out who this "she" was turned out pretty useless as well as Granger refused to look any teacher in the eye and persisted in evoking her right to privacy and she also said, more like threatened, in a completely indifferent voice that she would withdraw from the school if the teachers attempted to inquire any further into the matter.

Getting nothing out of the girl directly the concerned Headmaster started screening her mail, finding to his surprise that the girl hadn't mentioned anything about the whole troll incident to her parents. It only occurred to him then to call in a mind healer, whom Granger steadfastly refused to meet with, no matter the threats and persuasion attempts that were used in order for her to do so.

Instead the Granger girl continued her life as normal, still turning in excellent work in classes but somehow acting much more subdued and less eager when it came to answering questions in class. Instead, she was more often than not seen hanging around Darcie le Fay, much to many Slytherins' dismay, especially so since the third-year didn't seem to mind the presence of the muggleborn as much as many thought she should have, being a Slytherin and all, but then again many already knew about her stand in the whole blood debate and as most knew better than to try and ostracize a person like Darcie le Fay they begrudgingly came to tolerate the presence of a so called "mudblood" in their ranks. Some however found it harder to do so and were quite loud about it at first, only to gradually quiet down for some odd inexplicable reason.

Still, the Slytherins did find an undeniable amount of joy in the way the Gryffindors acted when their shunned first-year know-it-all doubling as a House point collector suddenly started hanging around with Slytherins, stopped earning her own House points and rarely ever returned to the Gryffindor tower. Many of those in Gryffindor called her a traitor for this and hearing that Hermione Granger simply went off to fetch her things, shrinking them (to the surprise of many, first-years and older students alike) and bringing them along as she left the tower, walking while holding her head high to Minerva McGonagall's office, where she submitted a polite note where she resigned from Hogwarts in favor of taking a place in Durmstrang.

Minerva McGonagall, of course, was horrified and her reaction was mirrored by several teachers at the unexpected loss of such a promising talent and obviously it didn't help the least when Neville Longbottom only days later submitted a similar note, also transferring to Durmstrang.

The Gryffindors were horrified as well, but mostly because they had apparently been housing "potential dark wizards and witches" and therefore "potential Death Eaters", never mind the fact that Granger had been muggleborn and that Longbottom had nearly been a squib.

Dumbledore too had been shocked and had at first tried to prevent the transfers from going through but found to his surprise and shock that he could do nothing as the students' guardians had signed the papers and the students were going to receive proper magical education elsewhere. But why Durmstrang, he asked himself.

More likely than not the Slytherins had likely been involved in one way or another, but he had no grounds for punishing them as they technically hadn't done anything against the school rules.

Darcie le Fay, along with Harry Potter, had been looking amazingly smug lately at the Slytherin table, leading the Headmaster to the conclusion that they apparently knew something he didn't and it frustrated him to no end as things really hadn't been going to plan lately.

Dumbledore had tried to bait the young Potter with the Erised Mirror, only to have the boy wander randomly into the room where the

mirror had been kept, look at it for ten seconds and then leave from whence he came, seemingly totally disinterested in whatever it had shown him.

In the end Dumbledore was stuck. What did Harry Potter desire among all else anyway?

At first the ageing man had thought it was to be with a real family, to see his parents or something like that, but from what he could tell Potter was absolutely uninterested in his parents beyond anything regarding purely financial matters such as how much money and other worldly possessions they had and he had also been making inquiries as to why he had received no bank statements during all those years with the Dursleys among a lot of other things that Dumbledore didn't think the boy would be ready to know about.

Nevertheless, a creeping suspicion slowly seeped into his mind.

Maybe, just maybe, he had played a certain part in creating a potential monster.

And he also slowly came to the realization that he somehow needed to reverse it before it became too late.

- o0o -

Before he knew it and way before he would've been able to put a stop to it the Philosopher's Stone was gone and so was Professor Quirrell, all while Harry Potter, the Boy-Who-Lived who was supposed to have done something about it in Dumbledore's mind, sat calmly down in a chair in the Slytherin common room reading a leather-bound old-looking tome while Darcie le Fay sat in another chair next to him, proof-reading his Potions essay with a bored look on her face.

- o0o -

Harry Potter was no hero; he was no reckless Gryffindor who threw himself into danger without a plan but was rather a snake laying in wait for the moment to strike. He was a reasonably cold and calculating individual, eyes hardened by years of neglect and other mistreatment by his "family" and being shunned by society in general, and as such even if he was perfectly able to empathize with

other people's feelings he had developed a tendency not to care as other people had cared very little about his own feelings.

Living with neglecting and partially abusive relatives made him naturally suspicious to anyone seemingly willing to "help" him out for one reason or the other and the only reason as to why he found himself trusting Darcie and Morgana le Fay was because they had little reason to betray him, knowing what they were.

- o0o -

Months went by yet again before Dumbledore finally decided to have a little chat with the young Potter, asking him about his plans for the summer and the future and whatnot. He received many noncommittal replies on the future part and something about going camping on the summer part, only fully realizing what it was all about less than a day after the term had ended and Harry Potter had gone god-knows-where to spend his summer.

As little a comfort as it was to know that young Mister Potter was still in very good health according to the silver trinkets monitoring his status the boy couldn't be tracked and was likely in some unplottable location.

Dumbledore had tried to rile up the Ministry to search for him, having no luck at all since apparently young Harry had seen it fit to inform the Minister of his plans and likely offer quite a contribution to the man's campaign if the man's demeanor was anything to go by and as such the man had foolishly enough both produced and promptly signed whatever pieces of paperwork the boy had asked for. Also the Minister, Cornelius Fudge, had apparently done do without even asking him for advice.

This was going to be a long summer.

Dumbledore suddenly felt tempted to reassemble the Order of the Phoenix.

- o0o -

Meanwhile, somewhere off the coast of England, Darcie le Fay stood before her mentor / future self / whatever-the-hell-she-wanted-to-be, looking annoyed.

"Fay," she growled. "Why the Hell didn't you tell me?"

"Tell you what?" Fay shot back, tilting her head to the side. "You already knew about being a Seer since I wrote that down in the book so what have I neglected to tell you?"

Darcie's eyes narrowed and she pointed accusingly towards her.

"How about that part where you're not only a cross-dimensional time traveler but also a multi-cross-dimensional time traveler and that this is not the second time you've traveled in time and space and how you're not Morgana le Fay's descendant but her in reality, no reincarnation or anything but her in person? How the Hell is that even remotely possible?"

Fay looked thoughtful for a couple of seconds. "How did you find out about that?"

"I got high on sugar and had a vision," Darcie spat, lowering her finger in favor of pulling a book out of a shelf and throwing it at her, only to have Fay step to the side to effectively avoid the old tome she had sent sailing in the air her way.

"You should treat books with more respect," she dryly noted.

"You should treat me with more respect," Darcie countered, still looking fairly annoyed.

"I treat you with as much respect as I treat myself," Fay countered, ducking for another book that came flying her way. "So would you please do the same so that we can get on with this the way civilized people would?"

Darcie stopped bombarding her with books briefly in favor of flopping down in a nearby armchair, staring at her challengingly. "I'm still angry with you, but I'll listen," she declared while folding her arms over her chest. "Tell me a story."

Fay awarded her with a rare smile, baring pointed canine teeth. "Would you like to hear the extended version or the abridged one?"

"I'll try my luck with the more elaborate one so that I'll know what to expect," Darcie evenly replied. "Do go on."

- o0o -

"Once upon a time..." Fay started, before ducking to another book that came flying her way.

"I asked for a story, not some fairytale," Darcie said, sinking back into the chair. "I really hate fairytales."

"Fine then," Fay answered with a light shrug. "I'll give you a real story."

- o0o -

"Once, back when I was young and mortal, I went on some improvised camping trip in Somerset, I believe," Fay said, flopping down in another chair at the other end of the room. "Around Glastonbury somewhere I got lost and my thirteen-year-old self roamed the countryside for a while before I finally found myself staring out from a hill called Glastonbury Tor, the place regarded as the real historical place of the Isle of Avalon... In truth however that place is only for show, so that no one will go look for the real Avalon, the island we're at now."

Darcie said nothing, simply paying attention.

"... Still, I suppose that that place could really be seen as Avalon," Fay continued. "The old one at least... this place being the second Avalon when that other place was no longer ours to use... So we went elsewhere and picked an island a bit off the coast and built this citadel... nowadays I am well aware that it might seem like an unnecessary thing since this is the kind of place which cannot be found by those who are not already aware of its location, but back then were other times and one could never be too paranoid. In those times many magicians and others sought sanctuary from us so we needed a place to be able to hold them all... besides, all other traces of settlement have disappeared during the time this place was unoccupied anyway but I'll have you know that we had a quite blooming population on this island once upon a time..."

"Interesting, but irrelevant to our cause," Darcie remarked. "Move along."

"Fine then," Fay said, unaffected. "Let's just put it like this; Christianity was on the march and a lot of wielders of magic found themselves... indisposed to stay out in the open any longer due to the overhanging danger of being pointed out as a 'witch', so they went to hide in places and Avalon was such a place, one of the last strongholds of magic on a group of isles that used to be overflowing with it..."

"Anyways, I stood up there on Glastonbury Tor, staring out over the fens and thinking about nothing in particular when somebody or something dropped something onto my head... This ring," she said, holding it up into the somewhat dim light. "Nevertheless, I picked it off the ground to where it had fallen after hitting me and I intended to fling it somewhere in some random direction simply because I was very irritated, but before I had an opportunity to do so the bloody thing... portkey or whatever... activated."

"The next thing I know I find myself on the ground, steeped in water, mud, blood and a lot of other nasty things, a couple of thousand years previous," she said with a heavy sigh. "Oh believe me, it was a really nasty surprise."

"I can imagine," Darcie replied.

"I doubt that," Fay said, sounding fairly amused as she continued. "Nevertheless, I was far too out of it at that time to pay much attention, so there's a bit of a blank there in my memories. A Lady Igraine found me and brought me with her to some castle in Cornwall where her husband, Gorlois, was the Duke. Apparently she'd seen me perform magic or something and convinced him to let her take me in as a daughter and train me, although I am not very sure since everything was pretty f-cked up for me at the time... I think that the shock of having traveled to the past where everybody spoke a language I couldn't understand somehow shattered my sense of identity and my memories with them, causing me to reinvent myself as the person they wanted to pretend I were, their newly deceased ten-year-old daughter Morgana who had apparently looked a great deal like me. Irony."

"So, I basically forgot about the fact that I was in fact Raven and not this Morgana person and I went in living that lie for a decent amount of years if I may say so myself," Fay continued. "I lived with my so called mother and father, Duke and Duchess of Cornwall, along with my half-sister or aunt or whatever she really was... Morgause. Then some guy named Uther Pendragon or something got the hots for my 'mother', disguised himself as my 'father' and slept with her, but not before killing my 'father' out on the battlefield. Anyways, they conceived my 'half-brother' Arthur, the later King Arthur."

"I lived there for years yet aged surprisingly little," she then said, tilting her head to the side. "When I came I was really thirteen, almost fourteen, but scrawny enough to be mistaken for a ten-year-old. And somehow I continued from there on, aging slowly even as I continued growing up. At my supposed age of thirteen I was sent to Avalon to be educated as a priestess or a sorceress or something like that by the Lady of the Lake, Vivian or something I think.... She was like a female version of Dumbledore, I swear... but then again Merlin was obnoxious as Hell as well so... yeah..."

Darcie quirked an eyebrow but didn't comment.

"Anyways, Vivian wanted to rule over my life and Merlin did about the same to my misfortunate half-brother and one day, on some pagan festival or something like that, we found ourselves expected to perform some odd fertility rite while dressed up in deerskin and masks and the whole shebang. Honestly, how would you have reacted if you found yourself in a situation where you're suddenly expected to have sex with your fifteen-year-old half-brother? I was shocked, obviously, but in my defense I'd say that I was too drugged up on aphrodisiacs to properly give a damn and his situation was about the same."

Darcie stared at her, speechless for a total of about twenty seconds before opening her mouth to ask a question. "Was he any good in bed?"

"I can't really say that I complained afterwards," Fay replied with a shrug. "Not about anything else than maybe the fact that my kind-of aunt had set me up to sleep with my own half-brother, as I thought and most other people also thought at the time... Now imagine my surprise at finding out that I was bloody pregnant a couple of months later, pregnant with my half-brother's child, conceived in sin, the

firstborn to the then newly crowned king... I freaked out big time and ran off to my other kind-of aunt Morgause's place up in Orkney, gave birth to a son, named him Mordred, left him with my power-hungry aunt to pursue my own interests, returned to the court back at Camelot, made that bitch Guinevere my enemy and ended up being fooled into a marriage with some old dude, King Urien..."

"I got along rather well with his protégé Accolon though..." she finally admitted rather casually. "Nevertheless, I wanted to have my revenge on that Christian skank my half-bro eventually married along with my old mentor Vivian and that old dude Merlin so... that's the reason as to why so many of the few tales about my achievements back there were so bloody and stuff. But really, what else could've been expected after all the ordeals I had been through and especially so when I slowly but certainly started recalling the life I had over there a couple of thousand years in the future and I think I came very close to becoming completely mad..."

"Then came all the action," she continued rather lazily. "Some conspiring nobles aiming to take the throne here, some Saxons planning to invade there, some conspiring aunt cursing the queen to childlessness here, some adultery committed there... and so on and so forth... a teenaged Mordred appeared at the court, Guinevere was caught sleeping with my almost-cousin Lancelot, they were both banished from the court... Life was good and there was an invasion just around the corner and we were all going to die..."

"Vivian killed Morgause, Mordred killed Vivian and then joined the Saxon army, battling his father. It all ended in them both inflicting mortal wounds on each other, but in the end I think that one could say that Mordred won because he left an heir while Arthur killed the only one he had... Nevertheless I still survived and, feeling a sense of responsibility of my bloodline I brought the woman my son had chosen with me, a good choice if you ask me, to this place along others intent on leaving the mainland and its changing society, retaining the traditions we had been raised with and continuing to practice the magic which gradually became something forbidden on the mainland."

"It went on that way for years, although people gradually left until there were only my descendants, the le Fays, staying on the island and living in this place for years and years until they too left for the mainland," Fay continued. "Some returned to this place due to

having inherited it but few stayed here for long so most of the stuff I left over here in my universe were still intact when I got back there after having returned to my own time, which I did by losing that bloody ring of mine in a lake and being forced to dive after it and bam, I was back in the future, a scrawny teenager again, and being fished out of a lake by a couple of very surprised fishermen. I got back to Hogwarts, was forced into the Triwizard Tournament, got bitten by a vampire and you know the rest of this so I won't bother telling it to you."

Darcie sat in silence for several moments before finally speaking. "Wow," she then said, sounding fairly impressed. "Why didn't you have this part in the Book?"

"And write that I traveled back in time, lived as Morgana le Fay, came back de-aged and went on living my life like it never happened?" Fay challenged. "No thanks, I don't care much for being labeled clinically insane... not even by wizards. But then again this book of mine sold pretty well in both worlds so who gives a damn."

"...You sold a book on the wizard world in the muggle world and those wizards let you get away with it?"

"I just added a 'This is a fictional story that has no connection to reality. Any names and places that match those of real people and places are purely coincidental' to the beginning, so no one could say anything."

"Are you people done yet?" Raven/Harry Potter asked from the other room. "I need someone to revise my strategy."

Darcie and Fay stared at each other. "You go."

- o0o -

Review? ^^

Alas, I believe that I have finally seen the end of this very strange thing (it should be occurring about three or four chapters from this, so if inspiration and time allows I will attempt to finish it quickly to allow me more time to work on other fics and things.

Feel free (and encouraged) to drop a review, if nothing else then to inform me that someone's still reading this.

Cheers.

- o0o -

An Untimely Adventure I

- o0o -

Darcie honestly couldn't recall ever having had an actual and serious interest in this thing called "World Domination"; to be completely honest she'd always been far keener on burning it to the ground rather than to actually wanting to bother with taking it over and ruling over it. Besides, Darcie had since long concluded that in the case of the so called "Wizarding World" the society itself was already stagnant, and as such the wizards themselves were already on the verge of destroying themselves and as such any meddling from her wasn't really needed.

The Wizarding World and its stagnant ideas created men like Grindelwald and Voldemort, who sought to change society through the use of violence and cleanse it or whatever they had tried to accomplish. Oh, and rule over it obviously.

Darcie held no interest in ruling the world and she held very little interest in ruling Britain, and in many aspects she was different from both Fay and Raven – Harry – as both of them seemed to want to try their luck with this world domination thing simply to prove to that they were fully capable of doing it (and have fun while they were at it, most likely). Darcie herself had no such ambitions; sure she would almost definitely go along for the ride but she was far more concerned with finding a way back to her own dimension to be fully content with wreaking havoc in the one she was in right now. She reckoned that all this being thrown back and forth through time and space had caused her to mature just a bit.

On second thought, to Hell with maturity, even though she did probably make a lot more sense than most other people even though she was a supposedly destructible and unstable individual. But in the end, did it matter?

Probably not.

Darcie was bored, staring at the blank page in front of her as if she half-expected something to appear on it. To say the least, she nearly fell off her chair when something eventually did.

Green eyes scanned the page, widening slightly, and her eyebrows started climbing upwards. Then one of them started twitching.

"You have got to be f\*\*\*-ing kidding me," she announced just as the book suddenly started glowing and a bright light filled the room. "Morgana! When I get back here I am so going to kill you for this!" she shouted before being spirited off to God-knows-where.

The book fell to the floor with a thump and the cover now read: Raven Potter and the Untimely Adventure, coming soon to a dimension near you.

- o0o -

Not very long afterwards, her deranged future cross-dimensional counterpart strode in leisurely, bending down to pick up the book before she flipped it open, staring at the first page with badly hidden amusement.

"That's what you get for disrespecting my extensive book collection, little Pyro."

- o0o -

Darcie le Fay, otherwise known as Raven Potter, stared perplexedly at herself in the bathroom mirror, taking in her barely eleven-year-old and almost frail features. The intensely green eyes that stared back at her from the mirror were certainly her own, but the round glasses barely held together by tape along with her slightly hallowed cheeks, the messy hair and the generally haunted appearance were all pretty new to her. She barely even recognized herself, even with the scarred forehead and all.

Brushing her bangs back a bit she took a closer look at it, taking note of that it looked fainter than she remembered; evidently she didn't look at herself in the mirror that much.

For a recent victim of some involuntary cross-dimensional time-travel and general messing with the timeline Darcie le Fay was extremely calm when she stepped off the footstool she had apparently been standing on previously. She absentmindedly made note of that she was way shorter than she could recall having been, even at the age of eleven.

A sharp knock on the door brought her out of her idle thoughts and her head snapped up, eyes wary and attentive and nearly frightened for a few moments before narrowing slightly as she leveled the door with a very cold look.

"Come out here now, young lady! I know you're in there!"

It was a, to her at least, unfamiliar voice which spoke in a rash no-nonsense manner which she instinctively found herself hating and she stubbornly kept silent, even when the presumed owner of the voice started rattling at the door handle and continued pounding at the door. Something, presumably a mixture of common sense and childish intuition, told her that going out there wasn't such a smart idea.

She found herself eyeing the small window up there on the wall, way beyond what she herself could reach and suddenly she knew.

Not long afterwards, a small raven had escaped through it.

- o0o -

Darcie spent the afternoon roaming a nearby park, cursing the "Untimely Adventure" she had somehow ended up embarking on in a great number of languages she hadn't even known she could swear in, all while taking out her frustrations on a small black notebook she'd found in one of her pockets and now scribbled in with surprising ferociousness with an ballpoint pen she'd found lying on the ground nearby.

Without the least concerns of her own situation she gladly and enthusiastically drew a great number of things she'd very much like to see happen in reality, such as Morgana with a stake through her heart, a burning pile of ancient and probably invaluable tomes, Dumbledore being beheaded by a faun, Privet Drive being set on fire with the Dursleys still being inside and them dying in agony et cetera.

She was so absorbed in this task that she barely even noticed the large dog which had snuck up on her before it was practically drooling all over her.

She stared impassively at the dirty drooling and starved-looking creature before her for a couple of seconds before her mind told her what she had pretty much guessed already.

"Padfoot," Darcie acknowledged.

The black dog drew back, momentarily startled, before letting out a low whine and nuzzling her outstretched palm.

Sighing Darcie made a decision and got to her feet, tucking the notebook and the pen in her pocket.

"Come along now, Sirius."

- oOo -

The Sirius Black of this particular dimension was a broken one; that much was rather obvious from the very start. Broken and slightly twisted aside, for having spent the last nine years or so in Azkaban he did seem to be surprisingly coherent, at least for being a supposed madman.

As things turned out, this particular world was just a tad different from the ones she'd seen that far, though not too different if one nixed a few key things that had, against her will, come to determine the outcome of her life back in her own dimension.

First of all, she wasn't the Girl-Who-Lived or anything like it, which she herself thought of as a small victory in the hands of... Fate? Time? Whoever-enjoyed-screwing-with-her-already-frail-sanity?

Second of all, both the Longbottoms and the Potters had gone underground with the Fidelius and they had both been betrayed by their respective Secret Keepers.

Third of all, Sirius Black, who had been shoved into Azkaban for being suspected of having betrayed the Potters, managed to get himself a trial and managed to get himself acquitted, against all expectation, and had then proceeded to demand custody of his goddaughter Raven Potter, something which he had been denied on the grounds that he was an unfit guardian and Raven Potter already had a stable home which was loving and caring and all that.

Sirius Black, disillusioned and distrustful after having spent three months in a prison cell for something he obviously didn't commit, decided to go and see for himself and after much trouble he became the witness to some of the Dursleys' "loving", following which something in his mind snapped and he went ahead and killed them all with the intention of bringing Raven along with him out of the country. Unfortunately for him however the surprisingly competent magical police force of Britain managed to capture him and he soon ended up back in Azkaban, this time without a trial. The fact that he had somehow managed to avoid the Kiss was in itself somewhat of a miracle. And now he had oh-so-conveniently broken out of prison and had oh-so-conveniently found her in this particular park at this particular time.

Fourth of all, Mr. and Mrs. Longbottom wasn't insane as they had apparently been in her timeline, but dead. Neville had been proclaimed the Boy-Who-Lived and nowadays lived with his grandmother. Darcie absentmindedly noted to herself that apparently Twinkle-Twinkle's little plan to create a humble little hero had failed this time around, probably.

Fifth of all, there was the fact that she herself, Raven Potter aka Darcie le Fay, was in an orphanage and therefore a ward of the state by default, which would likely make her a ward of the school whenever the unavoidable Hogwarts letter finally decided to show up.

Darcie turned to her godfather, the criminally insane madman who had reverted back into the shape of a dog and just sat there drooling, and opened her mouth.

"You know what? Screw this. Let's head out on an adventure," she said, deadpan. "Let's steal some cash and catch a flight to Hong Kong... or Japan or Norway or just anywhere that isn't here."

Her raving mad godfather's face was split by a wide and clearly deranged grin, one which appeared on her face as well when he fished out a golden credit card out of one of his pockets.

- o0o -

First things first, they returned to the orphanage and then did what all magical folks did when in too much of a hurry to go through the proper channels (aka, they messed around with the mind of the supervisor of the place, got her to produce the right documents and had everything filled in and filed before leaving). But then, after a few moments of contemplation, they decided to set fire to the place before they went off to a harbor nearby, stole a boat (sailing boat) and sailed to France (because magical folks really didn't have enough common sense to guard the coastline). Sirius had suggested swimming all the way over the English Channel but Darcie vetoed against it straight away ("I can't swim and I hate large masses of water") so in the end they went for the boat.

Continuing in the same spirit, they went north since Sirius expressed a sudden desire to go snowboarding and Darcie went along on the grounds that she would be able to study some "ancient" battle magic (anything to give her a potential advantage when faced with the "task" of killing her cross-dimensional time-traveling future self).

Was it just her imagination or was she starting to look somewhat-but-not-really like an almost proper heroine?

This random thought bothered her and she took note of her situation, analyzing it.

Plotting my other self's imminent death by means violent and painful? Check.

Traveling with a deranged killer and wanted dark wizard of a godfather? Double check.

Having burned down houses simply for the heck of it? Yep.

Maybe it was all just her imagination after all...

Anyways, it was soon after that when she discovered that she oh-so-conveniently appeared to be a natural at runes, heck a Rune Master even, and so she decided to use this talent for something even remotely useful, aka to design a portal back either to her own dimension or to the one she'd just been in.

She was making progress, slowly but certainly, but only in her calculations; she wasn't able to do much other than work on it theoretically, as her eleven-year-old body didn't harbor enough magical reserves to accomplish it practically, not without killing herself off in the process at least.

Darcie might've been deranged, but she wasn't suicidal, mostly due to the possible prospect of ending up somewhere far worse.

Either way, she'd finally managed to persuade Sirius into adopting her just in case, though in truth he didn't really need much persuasion ("I'm way too screwed up to ever find someone half decent and get married, so I can either father some bastards or adopt since I won't give any Black gold to the Malfoys... And now that I think about it, my dear mother would definitely roll in her grave if I adopted anything less than a pureblood..."), and with that they had both gone through the necessary rituals and done away with whatever paperwork was required, in magical Norway at least, which in all truth wasn't much.

Finding that her connection to the Le Fays in that world was very much there she decided to file for that one too, mostly since the Le Fays owned property in the area. And in preparation for later conquests of course, as in retaking the Island of Avalon and making it her base of operations in the UK.

- o0o -

Meanwhile, in England a certain greasy-haired professor stood, clutching an envelope in his hand, staring at the charred remains of a certain orphanage.

- o0o -

Elsewhere, a stern-looking eagle owl delivered a letter addressed to one Darcie le Fay Potter-Black. Said individual going by that name ripped open the envelope and pulled out the letter to read.

She looked up, staring at the sky above.

"Durmstrang, huh?"

- o0o -

In less than three years Darcie le Fay was proclaimed a prodigy, something that she herself continued to look mystified at whenever people brought it up; probably because she herself often forgot that she was officially only thirteen in this world and not in her older teens as she should've been otherwise. The internal and external age difference was really starting to mess with her sense of perception.

Nevertheless, during the years where she spent most of her time cooped up in the library in the cold castle, her slightly deranged godfather managed to make friends with a couple of warlocks/wizards/whatever-they-were. Apparently they belonged to a community called Warriors of Valhalla, "Valhallas Krigare", but she didn't pry into the matter as her godfather was allowed and even encouraged to go do other stuff than follow her around all the time; Darcie appreciated privacy, since it was pretty difficult to concentrate on her work when there was either a man hanging over her shoulder or a dog drooling in her lap.

So, caught up in her studies as she were, only venturing elsewhere every once in a while for the sake of some stress relief, she barely even realized that this particular school year, the one which would become her fourth, would feature the overall incredibly troublesome event otherwise known as the Tri-Wizard Tournament or whatever it was called; she herself had only ever experienced it through Fay's memories so this would be her first time seeing it if things went as expected.

Knowing better than to expect to be spared from being dragged into the whole mess, Darcie swiftly went to snatch a copy of the Tri-Wizard Rulebook, intending to find every loophole necessary if she'd happen to need them later on. Not that the tournament itself was

much of a problem; it was the thought of those crowds and those far too nosy brats that wouldn't leave her alone that was the problem.

In silence, she briefly contemplated whether or not she really did have sociophobia.

- o0o -

She, despite officially being underage, was included in the delegation, to her great dismay.

But then again, she supposed it was a simply marvelous opportunity to go and check out how things had hopefully gone to Hell while she had been busy elsewhere. Though, considering the fact that Longbottom still wasn't dead and he had gone to Hogwarts for three whole years, Darcie really couldn't help but wonder what would happen if somebody (her for example) decided to off the kid during the tournament itself instead of at the end of it as had been done before.

But she pushed the thought aside; her main objectives didn't include dominating the world with fear and killing all that opposed her, but then again now when she thought about it the thought did seem kind of tempting. Almost. Not at all.

Darcie wanted to go home, a part of her at least, while the other didn't really acknowledge that there was a thing such as "home". Either way, even with her indifference towards the world in general, she couldn't help but feel at least slightly curious as to how things would turn out this time around.

Damn it all. Fay's insanity had somehow managed to rub off on her.

- o0o -

s has been on my computer for ages. Now we have about... four or five chapters left to go [edit: make that two releases] and they will be released in a fairly swift succession since I can only keep the other plot bunnies caged for so long. Oh what the Hell, let's several chapters at once to make this go faster. An Untimely Adventure II and III, coming up!

- o0o -

## An Untimely Adventure II

- o0o -

Albus Dumbledore was concerned, and for very good reason at that. Things really hadn't gone according to plan, no, things had pretty much been going downhill lately for one reason or the other. The Headmaster supposed that it all started with the prophecy.

Things had not gone as he'd expected. Voldemort hadn't attacked the Potters as Albus had anticipated; instead he'd gone for the Longbottoms and marked their son Neville. The Dark Lord had gone for the pureblood child, a boy, and not for the half-blood, the girl, Raven Potter.

The Potters had been tortured, and then killed by the Death Eaters. One-year-old Raven Potter hadn't suffered any injuries though, a fact which in itself was odd and somewhat disturbing considering the fact that she had been completely uninjured when Sirius Black had carried her out of the burning inferno the house had been reduced to.

Once Black had been arrested, Albus had brought the child to Lily Potter's only living relatives, the Dursleys, and had left her there and not thought much more about it as he'd become occupied elsewhere. It was only when Black had managed to get tried and acquitted and had demanded his goddaughter back that Albus had started thinking about the 'other child'. Either way, letting Black foster the Potter child was not an option in his opinion; as such he'd made sure it didn't happen.

When he learned that Black had killed the Dursleys he found himself wondering however, whether he'd made the right decision back then.

With Black back in Azkaban, Raven Potter had ended up in an orphanage. Albus had considered putting the child with one of the families he trusted, but had decided against it. When Black somehow managed to escape from prison, Albus had yet again considered sending someone to the orphanage to adopt the child but had yet again decided against it, feeling confident in the matter as it was less than two months before he'd send someone there to deliver her Hogwarts letter.

It was only then, when Severus Snape had fire-called him and informed him that Raven Potter was missing and was presumed to have died in the fire which had rendered the orphanage to a pile of scorched rubble and ashes, that Albus honestly came to regret his decision.

In secret he'd been making inquiries, looking into the chances that the Potter girl might actually be alive and well and in such case where and with whom, but most of them turned up with nothing and all the letters he sent to her returned unopened. It was only when Gringotts had demanded that he return the key to the Potter Trust to Gringotts that Albus had received some sort of confirmation of activity in the Potter accounts, and seeing that none of the pureblood families had showed signs of having laid claim to them it had to mean that unless the Potters had some close relatives Albus himself was not aware of, Raven Potter was still alive.

Alive, but not at Hogwarts. Probably not in England either, or in the British Isles for that matter.

Neville, the Boy-Who-Lived, had made it through his annual tests, but only barely and that with much help from his close friends. He had a good heart, but his magical talents were meager at most. Almost a squib.

Raven Potter, if she was alive at least, was an unknown entity, and if she had inherited even the slightest of her parents' talents then she probably had a great deal of potential. The problem however, was that her talents and allegiances were all unknown, making her both a potential ally and a potential enemy.

Albus sighed, popping another lemon drop into his mouth. The prophecy, the prophecy. In the end it all came back to the prophecy. Tom had chosen his equal, but had he been wrong?

The Tri-Wizard Tournament was swiftly approaching.

He felt a slight chill run down his spine.

- oOo -

The delegations from Beauxbatons Academy of Magic and Durmstrang Institute arrived and with them came new problems and challenges to be dealt with. The Goblet of Fire somehow malfunctioned, spitting out not three names but a total of five.

Victor Krum, Durmstrang.

Fleur Delacour, Beauxbatons.

Cedric Diggory, Hogwarts.

Neville Longbottom, Hogwarts.

Darcie le Fay Potter-Black, Durmstrang.

Both Mister Longbottom and Miss Potter-Black were evidently too young to be allowed to participate, something which the latter brought attention to while citing passages from the Tri-Wizard Rulebook, but in the end it was decided that they had to participate anyway, magical contract and all, even though Miss Potter-Black evidently rolled her eyes at this.

Furthermore, to placate the Headmistress of Beauxbatons, their school was given additional points in order to make up for them not having a second champion.

Overall, this mattered very little to Albus Dumbledore as he was very much more concerned with getting a chance to 'talk' with young Miss Potter. This however proved to be quite a difficult task as both her headmaster and the girl herself proved to be quite uncooperative in this particular matter.

The interviews following the Weighing of the Wands however managed to shed some light on things, even if Dumbledore had to get his info from an article written by Rita Skeeter.

Albus stared at the picture with all the champions and he couldn't help but notice the expression worn by young Darcie, young Raven. Indifferent, but also slightly annoyed by the looks of it; somehow, seeing it on the face of a girl who looked so much like her late parents, caused him to feel a twinge of guilt, especially knowing the story which lay behind it all if there was even a grain of truth in the article in question.

- oOo -

## Young Potter Heiress Returns

Fourteen year old heiress Raven Potter has returned to the British Isles as a contestant of the Durmstrang Institute in the Tri-Wizard Tournament, which is now a Five-Wizard Tournament, and this reporter was granted an interview with this very talented young lady, who has already been involved in research on ancient runes since about three years previous.

First of all, I asked her to explain why she has been known for years under a name that was not the one given to her birth. Here, dear readers, is her answer:

"My parents, the ones that put me on this earth, named me Raven. I was her too for many years, up until the point where I went through things which forced me to change, to adapt, in order for me to make it through. Forced to grow up early on, I named myself Darcie, and it was a name that I decided to keep when my godfather adopted me, as it defines who I am way better than the name given to me by the people who only knew me for one year of my life."

She pauses briefly, looking thoughtful.

"Darcie le Fay Potter-Black is my full name, but it's a bit of a mouthful so I generally just go by Darcie le Fay. Born as a Potter, adopted by a Black and living as the sole successor to the Le Fays, my name defines my heritage but not who I am. Few people know me, but I know myself and that is enough. You may never know me as a person, but you may know me by what events changed me and made me who and what I am."

When asked about her godfather, the infamous Sirius Black, the young heiress smiles wryly.

"My godfather, while being a criminal in the eyes of the law and a great deal of the British society, is a good man. Now, I won't deny that he has his faults just like anyone else, but he has never failed in his duties as a godfather and he has always tried to look out for me when no one else would. When I was one, he rushed into a burning inferno to save my life, only to be arrested and imprisoned without a trial for something he didn't do while someone, whom I know but who shall remain unnamed until further notice, just went ahead and placed me with my late mother's magic-phobic relatives..."

She sighs, closing her eyes briefly before looking up at me, her vivid green eyes glistening with unshed tears.

"They tried, and failed, to beat the magic out of me. I was locked in a dark cupboard beneath the stairs, starved on occasion and beaten. I didn't know what being loved meant, how it felt, and as such I soon became unable to love. When Sirius came to see me I remember thinking that he seemed so familiar, that he made me feel safe, but then my uncle came..."

She goes quiet, biting her lip. Then she looks up, her face wears a mask of indifference.

"He hit me, beating me within an inch of my life, and Sirius, enraged at the way I was treated, reacted accordingly. Performing his duty as a godfather by protecting his godchild, he made himself guilty of murder and was thrown into Azkaban yet again, leaving me to be shipped off to an orphanage."

She smiles wryly again.

"It was an educational experience, I'll give it that; it taught me a lot about the world and a lot about people. It taught me that life was unfair and that there is no such thing as equality. Having the only adult who had ever tried to take responsibility for my wellbeing taken away from me, I learned that I had only myself to depend upon. Once I saw an opportunity to get away and to have a better life I took it, just like anyone would."

When she is asked about how she ended up attending Durmstrang she laughs, saying that it is a rather complicated story.

"Once Sirius got out of prison he came to see me and after a long talk we decided to go somewhere, to get away from here, to go somewhere where he wouldn't be hunted down. We went to France and then up north... and that's where we ended up staying. Sirius adopted me and soon afterwards I got a letter from Durmstrang and that's it, basically. I went there, studied a lot and now I'm here as a part of the Durmstrang delegation. As for how I ended up as the second champion of Durmstrang it's anyone's guess really... I surely didn't do it in case that's what you're thinking; personally I think that this is probably the most troublesome event so far that I've been involved in... so far, at least."

When asked about what she'd do in case she wins she snorts, shining her nails against the front of her blood-red robes, robes which would've been black had not a certain old man interfered.

"If I win, however unlikely that may be, I'll give the prize money to someone else. I don't want it and I surely don't need it, so I'll either give it to charity or use it to fund some project that seems promising. And as for the glory, glory is meaningless. People have died in this tournament for such foolish things as glory, or greed, that really depends, but personally I have neither reason nor intent to risk my life anymore than necessary; whether you like it or not, I want to live."

Lastly, I ask her how she feels about being back in her country of birth, she smiles faintly.

"While these islands will always have a special place in my heart, I doubt that I'll ever be able to call this place home; it's sad, but that's just the way things are. My heart left the UK when I did and it belongs somewhere else now. Still, being here now I do wish to go visit my parents' graves back in Godric's Hollow. I also wish to look over my inheritance and whatever houses or manors I might be entitled to, either to sell them off or keep them for future generations... I really don't know. Knowing my luck then I'll probably die without a successor, but that's a later issue I suppose... Most of all, I would've liked to bring Sirius with me to visit my parents' graves, but you know... you can't have everything in life."

"I could say a lot about what I think about the 'Magical Britain'," she continues. "But, on the behalf of my dear godfather, I'll tell you this: Do something about your judicial system. Throwing people into

prison without getting them a trial is not okay. Not giving people a fair trial is not okay either. I care very little about whether you simply want to cover things up to save your own arses or reputations or whatever; it's not okay. Get your gear together and stop living in the Middle Ages. If not then you'll perish."

She smiles wryly, but there is a kind of seriousness in her voice, as if she knows something we do not.

"But heed these words for I can tell... at the end of the Third Task your world will be standing at a crossroad. Whether you go left, go right or turn back is your choice, but I'll tell you here and now that I've already chosen my path. You can draw your own conclusions from that."

And with those cryptic words she got up and left, leaving this reporter staring at her back when she walked away with a determined stride, her still somewhat childish appearance standing in great contrast to the wit and maturity that this reporter has borne witness to.

Regardless of which name she chooses to bear, Raven Potter bears watching.

This reporter wishes her good luck with the tournament.

- o0o -

Looking down at the article, Dumbledore's frown deepened.

Raven Potter was merely fourteen years old and already a potential threat he could've done well without, and a budding rune master no less.

From what he'd heard, she was a very talented individual who was mostly uninterested in social relationships, with the seeming exception of her godfather whom she appeared to be quite attached to.

The fact that Raven had given herself a new name was also rather troubling, at least if one looked at the meaning of it. Darcie, 'Dark'.

Part of him would've wondered if he should give her up for a lost cause then and there, but there was something in her words and general appearance that ensured he didn't.

Maybe it was her seeming attachment to her parents, her strong conviction that everybody deserved a trial and that the magical world needed to change. Her ominous-sounding name aside, her opinions were not those of a pureblood fanatic and Dumbledore took a great deal of comfort in that.

Then again, there were those words she had spoken, speaking of a crossroad at the end of the Third Task. Could she possibly have seen the future?

Indeed she bore watching, the child of Lily and James.

- o0o -

The First Task came around and with that came dragons. It was a task designed to test courage and daring by stealing a golden egg from a nestling dragon, but in the end, what was courage?

Cedric Diggory went in with transfiguration, aiming for distraction. He got burned for his efforts.

Fleur Delacour tried to charm the thing. The dragon set her on fire.

Victor Krum went in with the Conjunctivitis Curse, trying to blind the thing. The dragon went berserk and trampled the eggs.

Neville Longbottom went in with some magical plants. The dragon remained unimpressed.

Darcie le Fay aka Raven Potter entered the arena, deflected a blast of fire like it was no one's business and then simply stood there, staring it in the eye for a couple of minutes before letting out a sigh, closing her eyes briefly before stepping forward, walking up to the dragon with her hand raised. Said dragon did not attack as one might've expected, instead it merely lowered its head and nuzzled her palm slightly, like a cat almost, before it shoved the golden egg over to her. Taking into consideration that she didn't even bring her wand along her overall achievement seemed unbelievable.

Point wise, Raven Potter ended up in the lead. The contestant herself however didn't seem to care much.

- o0o -

The Second Task had caused the judges to be in a bit of a bind, considering that they were supposed to put Raven Potter's 'important person' down on the bottom of a lake, but seeing to the fact that the only person young Miss Potter seemed to care about happened to be a wanted criminal who was currently abroad in some undisclosed location they realized that they had a problem.

Eventually, they had been forced to resort to means of discreetly asking the girl herself, only to have her level them with a clearly disinterested stare accompanied by the words: "Other than my dear godfather, the only person I hold precious is myself. As such, seeing to the fact that this pointless task of yours did not take that particular possibility into consideration, I'll just go ahead and skip it altogether and not get any points because there's no way I'm going to go swim down there to the bottom of the lake unless I have a very good reason to do so."

They had stared at her, baffled, and asked her how she figured out that the second task would be taking place in the lake.

"You make us retrieve an egg that speaks Mermish," she dryly noted, tilting her head to the side. "There is a settlement of merfolk in the lake. Do the math."

Judging from the still quite baffled expressions of the people present, it really did appear as though none of them had considered the possibility of someone actually using their common sense.

- o0o -

The Second Task took place on a cold February morning and lasted for about one hour total.

While the other champions dove down to rescue their hostages, Raven Potter simply sat there on the shore, revising the calculations for her rune circle designed to become a cross-dimensional wormhole.

- o0o -

The Third Task took place in late June and consisted of a maze of hedges filled with dangerous obstacles. Mind you, 'dangerous' was a matter of definition in this case, whereas Raven Potter simply wandered into the place, getting lost once or twice or a dozen times and only ever encountering a sphinx while she was at it. After solving the riddle she found herself standing before the Triwizard Cup, staring at it.

"A single golden Cup in the middle of a labyrinth... It's so obviously a trap," she spoke out loud, tilting her head slightly to the side. "A portkey, likely placed here to bring the first person who touches it into the hands of a deranged megalomaniac after said person's blood... Suggested course of action... to pretend like it rains and to walk off into the direction I came from..."

Then she tilted her head to the other side, reaching into her pocket and pulling out a hand grenade which she had oh so conveniently smuggled in.

Idiot wizards.

Then she threw it, without removing the pin or anything, at the Cup and watched them both disappear with an almost bored look on her face.

Voldemort aside, the great majority of his pitiful little followers were pureblood. Ignorant purebloods. Ignorant purebloods who would no doubt be investigating the mysterious object which had deprived them of their prey.

Then she turned around and pulled her hood up, doing her Snape impression with a billowing cloak and all as she swept by the stunned form of Neville Longbottom and continued out of the labyrinth, burning holes through the walls of greenery as she did so.

Inwardly, she counted.

Ten... nine... eight... seven... six... five... four... three... two... one...

Boom.

- o0o -

Later that night, when magical Britain had been thrown into chaos and the rumors of the imminent demise of some of the most upstanding purebloods in Britain had spread like wildfire, Darcie le Fay – otherwise known as Raven Potter-Black or any other of the numerous aliases she used from time to time – sat down in solitude in her private quarters on the Durmstrang ship and produced a quill and a notebook from her book satchel. Then she proceeded to throw the quill away, pulled out her trusted ballpoint pen and charmed it to take quotes (because obviously, writing it all down would've been too much of a pain).

"Sentimental greetings were never much of my style, but let's just say Hi and get it over with," she dictated, locking the door and soundproofing the room. "My name is of little importance but as for who and what I am, I am the person who accidentally stole four years of your life. But, since I will be leaving soon, I thought I might as well tell you what I've been up to all of these years so that you will have a greater chance of adapting to the new life I will be giving you and that you will be allowed to do with as you like."

"I initially came here as a dimensional time-traveler when my mind-soul-essence-whatever came crashing into you sometime during the summer you would've turned eleven. Totally unintentional of course, on my part at least, and I must admit that I was by no means thrilled with the revelation I was somehow eleven again and living in an orphanage."

"Then again things did get better, once I ditched the place and was oh-so-conveniently found by your godfather, my godfather, Sirius Black, deranged killer and madman extraordinaire. He's a good person though, very... protective... like a dog. Oh believe me, you'll know why. Anyways, to me Sirius is the only person I've ever met that has even remotely been like a father figure for me, even if Sirius has also been a mischievous older brother and younger brother and family dog merged into one."

"Had I not been an unstable and fairly sociopathic pyromaniac with grave emotional issues, I would've said that I loved him, but in truth I just like him enough and find him useful enough to keep him alive

and if nothing else then he occasionally provides excellent entertainment..."

"But enough about Sirius... I need to tell you my story..."

- o0o -

A hooded person accompanied by a ragged-looking black dog came ashore in the mists.

"Avalon is a strange place," Darcie said, pushing the hood back as she stared up towards the tower up on the hill, taking note of the obvious similarities it held to the other tower, Glastonbury Tor, the one which Fay had spoken of having visited. "Be it this Avalon or the original one, both places screws up time and space."

"I didn't see it before because I was far too busy to look for other alternatives, but in the end the answer was right in front of me all along," she continued, walking up towards it. "Avalon and Glastonbury... rune circle or no, I think I have found a way back."

- o0o -

An Untimely Adventure III

- o0o -

"Are you ready?"

"Yes."

"The truth... about our existence... Are you ready to find out?"

"Yes..."

"Let's bring our game to an end then."

"Yes... soon."

- o0o -

One ridiculously complicated ritual later, Darcie found herself standing in the Room of Requirement of all places, staring at her

eleven-year-old self's reflection. She turned around, surveying the room and all the mirrors on the walls, seeing many different versions of herself being projected there.

"What the He-..."

"It's like looking in a mirror, isn't it?" commented a very familiar voice.

She turned around, a fireball forming in her palm.

"Fay," she greeted, extinguishing the flames as she continued glaring at the reflection in a mirror at the far end of the room, where Fay's image was visible. "Explanation, now."

"What's the hurry?" Fay's image asked, shrugging her shoulders. "You're eleven; there's lots of time to be sincere later on... not that I haven't been honest with you so far... I have never once lied to you."

"You've been withholding information," Darcie retorted. "You've been withholding the truth."

"Does that make you angry?" Fay wryly asked.

"I used to be, but I guess I outgrew that," Darcie responded in the same kind of dry manner. "Besides... being angry is troublesome. I prefer indifference. But I am a bit curious I must admit... How's Raven James?"

Fay blinked, seemingly surprised with the question. "Raven James Potter? Ah, him. He took over Britain and all but I moved on soon after that. I hear he goes by Evil Overlord Mordred le Fay nowadays... Fancy name, huh?"

Darcie's eyebrow twitched. "That's even worse than being called the Boy-Who-Lived," she dryly noted. "And he chose it for himself?"

"Well... he could've created an amalgam," Fay replied with a shrug. "But he decided it was too troublesome and would've sounded silly."

"He named himself after Morgana le Fay's, your, kid," Darcie responded. "That is so twisted."

"I know," Fay readily agreed. "But then again, corrupting youth is what I'm good at, no?"

"Whatever," Darcie sighed, shaking her head. "Does this mean I'm back in my original world?"

"Original world, original timeline," Fay affirmed, looking awfully cheerful. "Do you want to know what that means, Darcie dear?"

Darcie le Fay had a distinct feeling she was not going to like this.

- o0o -

Messing around with the timelines of alternative universes wasn't something anyone got away with, not entirely scot-free at least, and this was a lesson Darcie found herself contemplating as she went on to live her eleventh year... for what now, the third time?

Either way, ending up reliving her first year at Hogwarts was a serious bummer and she inwardly cursed pretty much everything and everybody she could think of, Fay in particular, all while scribbling furiously at a piece of parchment where she sat in the Room of Requirement to be guaranteed her privacy.

"I honestly don't get it," she grumbled under her breath. "I was in my third year the first time around so why the Hell do I have to do things all over agai-..."

She looked up, staring at Fay who was still present in the mirror at the other end of the room, simply standing there in silence with her arms folded over her chest and a somewhat resigned look on her face.

"I do have an explanation for that, a plausible one at least," Fay replied, sitting down on an armchair which appeared behind her in the mirror.

"Enlighten me," Darcie dryly responded, setting the piece of parchment on fire.

"One explanation coming up then," Fay announced in a slightly amused manner. "Would you like an obligatory flashback with that or do you just want some sauce?"

Darcie snorted. "Can I just have your decapitated head served on a silver plate?"

"Nope."

- o0o -

An older version of herself lay on her back on the stone floor in a dark and damp-looking chamber, surrounded by the scattered shards of numerous shattered mirrors. The handle of a dagger was sticking up from her chest, the blade itself being buried deep within her, piercing her heart. Dull green eyes surveyed the arched ceiling while dry lips continued moving, almost soundlessly.

"Damn, that hurt," she breathed out before rolling onto her side with some effort and starting to pull the dagger out, an absolutely agonizing task which she made sure to finish as humanly and inhumanly fast as possible all while letting out a hissing cry out of pure agony. Once she was done with her task however, she threw the dagger to the side while sitting up, wheezing a bit but otherwise acting as if she had not been stabbed repeatedly in her heart and her lungs.

"Note to self," she breathed, supporting herself with a hand while coughing weakly. "Never... ever... get stabbed again."

She looked around, visibly confused as she did so, especially when she only then seemed to notice the mirror shards scattered all around her along with the growing pool of blood she was sitting in, courtesy of the stab wounds in her chest area that were still oozing blood.

"What the Hell did I do last night?"

- o0o -

"I woke up with stab wounds and a nasty hangover," Fay said, looking somewhat nostalgic. "And a missing curse scar. It was only later on that I could finally recall that I had apparently gotten drunk on blood and alcohol and later on gotten into a drunken brawl with Mr. Moldy Shorts himself and all that... and had somehow managed to defeat him and all, making him kick the bucket and all and fulfilling

that stupid prophecy while I was at it. And then some ungrateful bastard, namely the old coot, decided I was far too dangerous to be allowed to live and so he sent one of his pawns to stab me and all that... Luckily for me though, they somehow conveniently forgot that vampires need to be staked, not stabbed. Morons."

- o0o -

After having downed a few blood-replenishing potions she picked up a shard and stared at it with curious eyes.

"What the Hell is this?"

- o0o -

"For one reason or another, I had managed to split myself," Fay said with a mild shrug. "The shards were manifestations, fragments of my fractured self that had separated from my body. My spontaneous horcruxes. My shards."

Darcie stared, and stared, and stared for a long while. Then she raised an eyebrow.

"You just spontaneously split yourself and your split off parts just spontaneously manifested as pieces of mirrored glass?" she asked, unconvinced. "What the Hell?"

"If you think that is f-cked up then you should know what I had to do in order to reintegrate them," Fay responded. "For your information... I had to crush them to itty-bitty pieces and swallow them. You should try eating glass sometime; it cuts you up real nice inside."

Darcie stared at her, reevaluating her impression of her future self. One word: Sadomasochist.

Oh... God.

It was either that or "Emo" as far as she could recall, and with all due honesty, she did prefer the former.

- o0o -

Some of her former associates / partners-in-crime had spiked her Bloody Mary. She had never even considered the possibility that anti-ageing potion would work on vampires.

- o0o -

"And then I finished writing my bestseller, made lots of money and so on and so forth. Then I created the Book and then I was out drinking, got into another brawl, blah, blah, blah, and then I somehow traveled back in time... multiple times. And then, I got drunk again and somehow ended up in your world," Fay said, tilting her head to the side. "Do I need to elaborate?"

"No," Darcie replied, mentally adding 'alcoholic' to her future self's description.

"But anyways, for some odd inexplicable reason this started some sort of chain reaction and I ended up jumping not only in time but also in dimensions, which in turn screwed up numerous parallel universes and so on and so forth," Fay continued, tilting her head to the other side. "So, in short, my rather f-cked up existence f-cked up the universe, the multiverse even, and hence I am your greatest foe or something."

Darcie stared. Then she too tilted her head to the side, unconsciously mimicking her future self. "Have you lost it?"

"I never had it," Fay shot back with a smile. "Besides... I just got a little lost on the way."

- o0o -

"So what must I do?" Darcie asked rather disinterestedly, already having grown bored with the greatly exaggerated behavior her overly dramatic future self displayed.

"You must live your life," Fay replied. "Live it and do it right this time around so that you won't become me, or any of the other Raven Potters for that matter. Only then will this loop end."

Darcie sighed exasperatedly. "And if I fail?"

Fay smiled brightly at her. "Then it'll start all over again, and again, and again, and agai-..."

Darcie put her fingers into her ears, rolling her eyes as she did so.

I really really really really... hate this.

- o0o -

And lived her life she did, and things returned to the vague sense of normalcy which she had back then, before her life had been invaded by insane future selves and their insane ideas.

Darcie, back under the guise of the bookish eleven-year-old Raven Potter, contemplated her upcoming moves.

She had the Philosopher's stone. Unlike Fay, she herself lacked reason to return it.

This time around however, she would be alone in making decisions, and after some contemplating she concluded that she would play it by ear.

- o0o -

She got sent back to the Dursleys, but before that she managed to send off a small note and a photo, one depicting herself holding onto a stunned rat by its tail, off to Azkaban. Sirius would no doubt escape from there when it reached him and would no doubt be seeking her out. Not that it worried her or anything; she was actually looking forward to it a little, even if it did likely include her lap getting drooled upon.

Upon her initial arrival back at Privet Drive, her Uncle seemingly wanted to employ some sort of odd and not very thought out strategy where he'd take away all her stuff and lock her in one of the upstairs bedrooms with locks on the door and bars on the window and all. To say the least, Raven put an end to any of his delusions and highly disturbing fantasies with a suggestive leer and some not too discreet hand movements, very efficiently conveying the message "Do it and you'll die in a staged gas explosion".

He left her alone for the most part after that. It did seem as though Vernon Dursley actually did possess some level of self-preservation, surprisingly enough.

- o0o -

One evening at the end of June, Raven heaved her satchel onto her shoulder and silently walked down the stairs. Once she had reached the foot of them she stopped, turning her head in direction of the living room, from which sounds of the TV could be heard.

"Hello Uncle Vernon, Aunt Petunia," she amiably greeted them from the doorway, finding a fair deal of amusement in how they startled and stared at her with eyes wide in terror before they, or Vernon at least, let anger overcome the fear which had blossomed in their hearts at the sight of her.

"Where do you think you're going, freak?" he grumbled, shoving another handful of snacks into his mouth.

"I've grown bored, so I'm running away," Raven replied, retaining the uncharacteristic cheerfulness.

Petunia looked at her as if she had completely lost it, and Vernon looked as if this merely confirmed something he had already known all along.

"Good," he finally grunted, turning his head back to the TV screen. "Don't come back."

Raven merely nodded before turning around, opening the door and disappearing into the night, slamming the door shut behind her.

- o0o -

Maybe an hour and a half later, a mildly disguised (i.e. cap-wearing) Raven Potter stepped off the Knight Bus with a ragged-looking dog in a tow, setting foot onto the pavement right before the empty spot where Number Twelve Grimmauld Place resided.

"Grimmauld Place, huh?" she spoke out loud, sounding thoughtful, just as her godfather transformed back into his even more ragged-

looking human appearance, staring at her rather suspiciously as he did so.

"How do you know of this place?" Sirius Black hoarsely asked, his posture guarded and his eyes filled with suspicion.

Raven regarded him with a fair deal of indifference, before yet again turning her head towards the seemingly empty space between Number Eleven and Thirteen.

"I've been here quite a few times, in my dreams at least," she answered somewhat airily, noticing that she sounded rather like that blond girl, Luna Lovegood. Oh well, at least she wasn't blabbering on and on about some obviously none-existent creatures like Nargles, Crumple-Horned Snorkacks and Wrackspu-... "Hi Sirius, are your head clear now or are the Wrackspurts still bothering you?"

She blinked, clearly surprised. Then she tried again, opening her mouth, but all that left it was "I'm a Heliopath, you know... kind of... a pyromaniac, you know... I like to watch things burn..."

Somewhere up there in the sky or down there in Hell's blazing inferno somewhere, a vaguely godlike existence had to be laughing its ass off.

Sirius Black on the other hand stared at his goddaughter, aghast at first but then gradually it melted into something else as a somewhat deranged grin started forming on his worn face.

"Oh really?" he asked, his voice still hoarse from disuse. "What about pranks then?"

Raven failed to fight back a smile. Suddenly playing the role of a mentally deranged eccentric didn't sound so bad anymore. Besides, she had already done the sugar-high seer part and so on, so even if all this was a bit of an annoyance over all, it did feel at least somewhat refreshing.

And pretty soon afterwards, they constructed a seriously deranged plan.

- o0o -

Raven Potter stepped through the barrier of Platform 9  $\frac{3}{4}$ , her glasses discarded in favor of normal (not to mention muggle) contact lenses (dark blue) and her long black hair hanging down instead of it being tied up in the braid she usually had. The robes she wore for the occasion were pitch black with shimmering green borders on the sleeves, and they certainly drew eyes to them, amongst them the eyes of a certain blond-haired bigot otherwise known as Draco Malfoy. He walked up to her, grabbing onto her sleeve.

"Okay, Raven, Darcie or whoever's in there right now, you're officially creeping me out," he said, his tone clearly betraying his disdain regarding her overall appearance.

"I know," Raven wryly replied, her robes returning to plain black at the same moment. She pulled herself free and readjusted her satchel, looking unconcerned when she proceeded to stride past the other Slytherin, walking in direction of the train. "It amuses me to no end."

- oOo -

The train ride which ensued was pretty much like any other, with the exception of the train being stopped and invaded by hordes of cloak-wearing soul-sucking slimy little creatures otherwise known as dementors. Oh, and of course the ensuing panic from the largely unprepared student population.

Seriously, what were those wizards thinking, sending a bunch of soul-sucking dementors to search a train full of pretty much completely defenseless schoolchildren? Knowing them, they probably weren't thinking, not about the potential consequences at least. Not that Raven herself minded much, as the dementor that entered the compartment in which she was playing card games with her Slytherin companions did turn back around and leave it immediately once she had opened her mouth and flatly asked it if it wanted in, a deed which later on earned her some really strange looks from the other players.

"She's gone nuts," Draco Malfoy snorted under his breath.

"Was she ever sane in the first place?" Blaise Zabini muttered.

- oOo -

One extremely bothersome Welcoming Feast and ensuing interrogation courtesy of the old coot and his loyal cats and lapdogs later, Raven – or Darcie or whoever she felt like being at the moment – stumbled into the Slytherin Common Room with a fairly irritated look on her face, feeling tired to death at having been pestered by the old coot. Since when was it any of his business where she spent her summers?

Somehow, she had a feeling she had already contemplated this particular matter earlier on and probably hadn't managed to find any answers other than that which said that Dumbledore was a manipulative coot and control freak who felt a compulsory need to keep tabs on her activities and also try to keep her isolated and ignorant and all that jazz, all for the Greater Good of course, as always.

Anyways, the old coot's obvious chess master tendencies aside, Raven had bigger fish to fry.

First of all, at some point during the year she obviously needed to get a hold of Tom Riddle's diary, an item which was no doubt in the hands of Ginny Weasley by now. Maybe, for convenience's sake, she'd try to enlist assistance from Granger, her associate in Gryffindor. Not that it would've been too much trouble for she herself went after it; it might even have been a nice break in her regular state of boredom, but somehow she also found that it might be just as interesting, if not more interesting, if she just let things be and then went in to swipe the diary at an appropriate moment... or she wouldn't be interfering in the least simply to find out what would happen, to see if any of the teachers would actually do their job for once instead of shoving it onto a poor little second-year, with saving the day and all that.

"Seriously..." she muttered, tying her sneakers. "I should be getting paid for this"

- o0o -

One not so epic battle with a basilisk and the staking of a possessed diary later, Raven retired to her dorm to finish her DADA assignment, reading herself for the interrogation the frazzled Mr. Lupin no doubt

had in store for her after having witnessed her with Padfoot a couple of hours previous.

- o0o -

And so, another year of her life came to an end, Pettigrew bit the dust, Sirius got the justice he deserved and so on and so forth, and the old coot tried to get her to go back to the Dursleys, just like every other damn year.

Raven stared at him, tilted her head to the side, tilted her head to the other side, and then she gave him the finger (both in a figurative sense and in a literal one, when she actually handed over one of the fingers she had salvaged from Pettigrew's hand when he had met his maker), all while smiling dangerously at him.

Dumbledore just paled dramatically.

- o0o -

The summer was spent using – or more accurately misusing – all the knowledge she had acquired from other timelines and dimensions, and putting it to good use by investing it into companies such as the one which would release the Firebolt later that year. And obviously, to prevent later troublesomeness, horcruxes were also tracked down and dealt with. Also, just for the kicks of it, the reputations of several upstanding members of wizarding society were also sullied.

The year that followed proved to be the most boring thing ever, and in order to keep herself properly entertained Raven decided to start working part-time as a journalist in the Quibbler, further convincing the world that she had truly gone bonkers. The Lovegoods meanwhile, along with a few others, were thoroughly convinced that she was in fact a genius, something which she did very little overall to discourage. It even went so far that Mr. Lovegood tried to convince her to write a book, and since she was figuratively dying of boredom anyway she decided to humor him. She even had thought up a proper title for it: Raven Potter and the Untimely Adventure.

- o0o -

Raven Potter and the Untimely Adventure became a bestseller, surprisingly enough, even with the preface reading: "This is a fictional story which has little or no connection to reality. Any similarities between names and places are purely coincidental. I wrote this story while under the influence of drugs, and it was told to me by a hallucination masquerading as my future self sent back in time to make sure certain mistakes were not repeated (and to mess with my head and general sanity, but that one goes without saying)."

Raven once again asked herself whether all the inbreeding had really made the wizards naturally retarded, especially when they started demanding a sequel.

- o0o -

Her fourth year was spent on two different things, namely the Tri-Wizard Tournament - which this time around turned out to be a Four-Wizard Tournament – and the writing of her next book, Raven Potter and the Unwanted Sequel.

Also, some time was spent on dodging the extremely friendly fanged Durmstrang student eyeing her jugular, but after a brief demonstration of exactly how fiery her temper could be said vampire backed off for good.

- o0o -

The third task arrived yet again and Raven, wanting to do something new and interesting, didn't bring the hand grenade along this time around and instead decided to go for a more interesting kind of showdown than the last one had been, but not before actually enlisting some help from the other contestants to deal with the aftermath.

Hence, she touched the Cup, was portkeyed to a graveyard, tied to a tombstone, 'forced' to watch Voldemort's resurrection and following taunt over her pitiful state of being. She merely raised an eyebrow, opening her mouth to speak.

"You turned the trophy of the Triwizard tournament into a portkey just to be able to kidnap me in order to use my blood for your resurrection..." she said, tilting her head to the side. "You really are a creepy stalker, you know that?"

Someone pulled out a wand, obviously intent on casting a 'Silencio', but she pinned that someone, just another masked pawn, down with a glare which would have made Snape envious.

"Sorry, but in case you're out to kill me I believe I deserve a chance to say my last words," she then stated, calmly, turning her head back towards the newly resurrected Voldemort.

"Fine," the Dark Lord relented, a manic glint present in his eyes as he raised his wand. "Say your last words and then die."

Apparently, this particular dark lord had no intentions on having her engage in a random duel of life and death, something which had apparently happened to Raven James, her male counterpart in another dimension who later on became the Dark Lord Mordred le Fay. Irony.

She closed her eyes, taking a deep breath, and then she opened them again.

"Here goes nothing..." she then announced, calmly. "Hellfire."

And thus, the Dark Lord, along with a fair amount of his followers, was burned to cinders. Raven made a point to spare Lucius Malfoy though, since having a vengeful Draco on her ass wasn't very high among her priorities.

She got to her feet as soon as the ropes had burned off and surveyed the spectacle for a few seconds before letting out a wistful sigh.

"Now that was surprisingly easy," she said, directing herself to the few survivors that had yet to flee. "I'm going back now, since people might've actually noticed that I'm missing by now. See you later, or not."

- o0o -

"Oh... I guess I got back after all – Lucky me," were her first words when she reappeared at the labyrinth's entrance right before the shell-shocked eyes of the well-coming committee.

"Raven Potter, what the name of Merlin happ-...?" Minerva McGonagall, always the inquiring one, asked, but Raven cut her off.

"Well..." she said, starting off slowly. "I touched the Cup, which was a portkey by the way, got transported straight to Voldemort, and then I was tied up to a tombstone, had my blood forcefully taken and used in a ritual, witnessed the return of Voldemort and then I burnt him to a crisp before returning here... But let's not talk about me, let's talk about how I've once again ended up fighting for my life against the megalomaniac who seems to have returned and the fact that our dear Headmaster failed to notice that our DADA teacher was, in fact, a Death Eater in disguise. Cedric?"

"Right here!" Cedric Diggory enthusiastically replied, saluting her. It had really done wonders for his attitude when she had dropped a hint that the Third Task was in fact a deathtrap and that she was really saving his life by keeping him away from the cup.

"Did you get the fake Moody?" Raven inquired, completely ignoring the presence of not only Dumbledore and his brigade but also the Minister of utter incompetence, otherwise known as Fudge.

"Krum got him," Cedric replied, copying her action. "...for placing the Imperio curse on him earlier."

Raven kicked up an eyebrow. "How badly mutilated is he?" she then casually asked, shining her nails on the front of her robe.

"Not bad," Cedric responded, still with a smile edged on his face. "I asked Krum to hold back until we could extract a confession..."

Puffs. Maybe there was still some hope left for them in the world after all, now that it had been proven to her that not all people who ended up in Hufflepuff were spineless worms with pack mentality that ran the other way as soon as she turned around to glare at them.

"Right..." she said, getting back to the real issue at hand. "Is anyone here capable of administering Veritaserum?"

"I'll do it," Severus Snape drawled, stepping out from the crowd.

"Ah, Snape... Just the person I wanted to see." She actually meant that one.

"That would be Head of House to you," Snape snarled, dismissing her with a wave. "Now go to Madam Pomfrey and get that wound examined."

For once in her life, Raven had nothing against complying with such an order.

"Yes sir."

- o0o -

She was standing in a room that was way too familiar to her for her own liking, namely Dumbledore's office and in front of her was the man himself, just sitting there and staring at her with a surprisingly serious expression on his face and eyes that lacked the usual, albeit undeniably annoying, twinkle in them.

"So basically," she finally said, her voice flat. "The reason as to why Voldemort attacked my parents in the first place is because of some stupid prophecy proclaiming me as the only one capable of destroying him..."

"I am afraid so..." the old man replied, sighing heavily.

Her eyebrow twitched noticeably. She already knew the story, but hearing it from the old man's lips really did its part in pissing her off.

"No kidding, old man," she hissed, moving on with her pre-prepared rant. "I saw Tom Riddle's memories; the one mostly responsible for this whole mess is you and Riddle boy is basically the failed experiment of your manipulations. You may not be the main cause of why he never knew love, but you're close enough. You interfered with his life just like you did with mine, deliberately placing me with a family which hated my guts simply for the sake of my own good, my protection from dark wizards and whatnot... no, merely for the sake of the Greater Good, since such an abusive environment would be very likely to foster the perfect little heroic martyr which you so solemnly desire. I know you wanted me in Gryffindor, but I'm in Slytherin. You made your own choices and I've made mine, so you can just take that prophecy and shove it right up your ass."

Mister Twinkle-Twinkle attempted to voice a protest, coming no further than "But... Volde-" before she once again interrupted him.

"Voldemort will perish if he gets in my way; that much has already been established," she replied. "And so will you, if you get in my way. So stay the Hell out of it."

The old man continued babbling something about his responsibilities but Raven cut him off almost immediately.

"You may have made yourself my magical guardian due to certain circumstances once upon a time," she said, eyes narrowed. "But Sirius is my guardian now and if you ever try to force me into compliance I will make sure to drag you down with me and after that Voldemort will just waltz in here and take over..."

Raven just had to give it to herself, she sure did have a certain way with words.

"Still it is my legal responsibility to..." Dumbledore continued, or tried more likely.

"It was your legal responsibility to follow my parents' Will, not to ignore it completely and place me with my mother's magic hating relatives," she bit back. "Sirius should've gotten custody and if not for your interference he may have been reasonable enough to take care of me instead of hunting down the traitor and getting himself framed..."

"Now, now..." and there he went again, as if trying to soothe her, failing big time as it just made her even more annoyed. It mattered not that she had already gone through this particular scenario many times in her head before; being there, in reality, and hearing all that bullshit pouring from his mouth was infuriating in itself.

"Now what, sir?" she retorted, flinging her hand out to the side in a dramatic gesture. "I don't blame Voldemort for my parents' untimely demise, I blame you. You played a part in his creation after all. I blame you for my loss of childhood and for living in a cupboard for ten years of my life. I blame you for leaving me with people who despise me. I blame you for every day I had to endure bullying from

my cousin's gang. I blame you for all the suffering I've had to endure up until this very day."

Whoa... now that's melodramatic if anything is, her inner monologue supplied. Still, with those acting skills I could probably earn some money...

"All of us make mistakes, Miss Potter."

"Even so, Dumbledore..." Raven said, bringing up the melodrama yet another notch. "Your greatest mistake has been your constant meddling in other people's lives... Tom and I were pretty familiar on that department, both loners, talented, abused by our surroundings. The main difference between us is that he was in an orphanage while I was locked up in a cupboard by my relatives. You say that all of us make mistakes, Dumbledore, but you're one of the few foolish enough to repeat them all over again. You failed Tom and you're failing me as you try to make me deny my very own nature..."

Dumbledore looked at her, a pained look adorning his face.

"I'm a Slytherin, sir, not a Gryffindor," Raven continued. "If I hadn't stood up for myself and started bending the rules to my own will I wouldn't have survived. If I played by the rules then I would've died of starvation locked inside a cupboard and been buried in the backyard."

"But still... It's your duty..." he started, but she cut him off immediately.

"I fulfilled my duty to this world long ago," she hissed. "I beat Voldemort once; now leave me the Hell alone."

"It's your destiny to..."

"Screw destiny! Screw fate! Screw all of you!" Raven replied, throwing her hand out in another dramatic gesture to emphasize her point. "I'm through with listening to your petty excuses, all spoken while you seek new ways to control me. I'm not doing this anymore. You can fight your own war."

Indeed, they could fight their own war. It was simply too bad that she did have a somewhat personal vendetta against the Dark Lord.

"But Raven I..." the old man started, obviously not knowing when to give up.

"Screw you, old man!" Raven responded, giving him a one-fingered salute before once again storming from his office.

- o0o -

The fourth year came to an end and she was off to yet another interesting summer which entailed all kinds of dangers associated with being her, like being assaulted by dementors in broad daylight on a camping trip to the Isle of Skye. Of course, the dementors themselves soon enough realized who they were dealing with and promptly attempted to escape. At Sirius' insistence however, Raven swiftly reduced them to a pile of ash and then promptly stuffed the ashes and what else remained of them off in an envelope along with a complaint she wished to file, asking the Ministry of Magic to stop trying to assassinate her while she was on vacation.

It was also around this time that a massive slandering campaign was launched, where newspapers such as the Daily Prophet proclaimed that she was suffering from delusions (old news) and should best be confined in St. Mungos.

Reading the Prophet out loud at the campfire became the new highlight of the day for her, Sirius and surprisingly enough Lupin, where they snorted with laughter at the badly concealed attacks on her persona. They continued snickering when Raven wrote a letter to her newly appointed solicitor, instructing them to withdraw funding from said newspaper, as she had conveniently bought a fair deal of shares in it a few years previous.

And thus, the slander campaign was brought to an end, as Lucius Malfoy knew better than to tempt his fate by pumping new money into the Prophet.

- o0o -

It was of course during the year that followed when the Ministry of Magic finally decided that Dumbledore's tomfoolery and delusions of the Dark Lord's return could no longer be allowed to influence all those young impressionable minds at Hogwarts, and, for the greater

good of all (ironically enough), the Minister of Magic decided to send over his Propaganda Mini-... Sorry, Senior Undersecretary... to straighten things out at the school and keep things under control... to further discredit Dumbledore and Raven Potter and lastly but not least to spread ministry propaganda, but that last one went without saying.

And from the very moment she laid eyes on her, a vicious smile spread across Raven Potter's face and she eyed her, in all her toad-like fluffy pink glory, much like a cat which had just received a new interesting toy to play with.

- o0o -

Coming up next...

Raven being advised on her future career, striking bargains and picking fights with someone she really shouldn't have.

Now... Feed the authoress?

Chp10